

SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN.

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SEYMOUR, INDIANA, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1909.

PRICE TWO CENTS

FIRE ALARM

Department Goes On a Hunt For Fire.

A fire alarm came in about nine o'clock Wednesday evening from section 43. The firemen claim they were unable to learn anything about where the fire was, except the number of the district, and so started out on a hunt. The section includes the four city blocks lying between the B. & O. S. W. and Bruce street and between Chestnut street and Poplar. The department made a slow run and kept a lookout. They went to Tipton street and west to Poplar, south to the German Methodist church, east on Bruce to Walnut where they stopped and made another effort to locate the fire by telephone. Then they drove north to Tipton where they tried the telephone again for the fourth time and learned that the alarm came in from Meyers' drug store. Fortunately the fire was out by that time.

The fire probably started in a basket of clothes in the kitchen at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Corthum in the second story of the Crabb building. Mrs. Corthum had been ironing in the morning and pushed the basket of clothes under a table. Shortly before nine o'clock she heard the fire crackling and started an investigation. The room was rapidly filling with smoke and she attempted to control the fire by water from the hydrant. A glass jar of gasoline which was on the table over the fire soon exploded and added to the excitement. A boy ran out to give the alarm and one or two men soon arrived and assisted in putting out the fire. The damage amounted to but a few dollars.

The experience of last evening shows how necessary it is for the people to know how to turn in alarms correctly, for the telephone operators to get the proper information and give it to the fire department plainly and accurately and for the fire department to be quick to catch the information and act on it wisely. Somebody was in fault Wednesday evening and the result was a hunt for the fire by the department.

Gasoline Trouble.

Conductor John Banta, of East Second street, had all kinds of trouble with gasoline Wednesday evening. He had cleaned off the gasoline stove and thrown the rag behind him. Then he struck a match and lighted the stove and started to throw the match down in the same direction. He caught it in the table cloth and in some way the fumes of the gasoline and the gasoline on his hands were ignited. His hands were quite seriously burned and it was necessary to go to a physician to have them dressed. It was a pretty hard lesson that he learned about gasoline and others who handle gasoline more or less will do well to note how the accident occurred. As a result of his injuries he is laying off today, but hopes to be able to go back to work again soon.

Funeral.

The remains of H. P. Billings arrived from Louisville at 9:45 this morning and were taken to the home of Judge O. H. Montgomery, where the funeral was conducted at 10:30 by Rev. W. O. Goodloe, assisted by Rev. James Omelvena. Burial at River-view. Services at the grave were in charge of the Knights of Pythias.

Remember Whitmer's Corn Cure removes corns or it costs you nothing. Whitmer Medicine Co. j28d

Born.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brandt, of S. Walnut street Thursday morning, July 22, a son.

Mrs. Belle Clifton, of West Brown street, has been very sick since Saturday and the attending physician says appendicitis has developed.

A number of Seymour people took charge of the Peters Cabin, near Switch today for a ten days' outing. Shave with Berdon, the barber.

DIED.

HECKMAN.—Mrs. Herman Heckman died at her home near Bobtown at 5 o'clock Wednesday evening, July 21 after an illness of less than a week. She was born Nov. 5, 1842, her age being at death, 66 years, 8 months and 16 days. She leaves husband and five children, namely, George and John, who live at home, Fred who resides southwest of Seymour, Mrs. Albert Spray, of this city, and Mrs. Charles Weihe, who resides on the Schneck farm east of town. She also leaves three sisters, and three brothers, all of whom reside in this county except two of the sisters who reside in Cincinnati. The funeral will be Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock at St. Paul's church in this city, conducted Rev. A. Egli.

Remember Whitmer's Corn Cure removes corns or it costs you nothing. Whitmer Medicine Co. j28d

School Fund Loans.

The county auditors of the state have been advised by Attorney General Bingham that all school fund loans that have run for a period of five years or more must be paid or a new note given and mortgage renewed. This is a compliance with the law which says that "no school fund loan shall be for a longer period than five years." The penalty for the failure of the auditor to proceed to collect such loans is very heavy, and it is Auditor Wacker's intention to comply with the law in the matter. The fees necessary for the renewal of such loans are as follows: Recorder, \$3.50; auditor, \$1; clerk, 50 cents.—Brownstown Banner.

A. M. E. Church.

Sunday night, July 25, will be observed as a special financial rally day at the A. M. E. church. They are behind with their pastor's salary and beg the assistance of all their friends, as they desire to pay him in full. Announcement of the services of the day will be made later. The pastor will be assisted by another pastor whose name will be announced later.

Like Oiled Street.

North Vernon merchants have oiled one block of their town on Walnut street. They bought crude oil at an expense of ten dollars eight weeks ago. Now they say they have a good street and have saved their ten dollars back by being relieved of sprinkling by water. Meanwhile there has been neither dust nor mud on the street.

Underwent Operation.

Mrs. Jasper N. White, of Indianapolis avenue, who went to Columbus Monday to consult Dr. Banker, underwent an operation at a hospital there Tuesday. Mr. White was here this morning and returned to Columbus. He reports that she rested very well Wednesday.

Pin Through Thumb.

While doing her family washing this week Mrs. Olie Goens run a pin through her right thumb. It entered on the under side of the thumb and came out through the center of the nail, making a very painful wound.

In Show Business.

David Brunswick, who managed the in door fair here two years ago, was in town today calling on friends. He is now the owner of two moving picture shows in Chicago and has another show on the road in charge of his son. He is busy all the time and is prospering.

Since Conductor Charley Francis, of the Southern Indiana railroad, now has a run that will not permit of his laying over in Bedford, he will for the present make Seymour his home and Mrs. Francis left today to join him there. She will, however, be back Sunday for a short visit.—Bedford Democrat.

The man who wants work and is in earnest about it can be accommodated by going out into the country. He must not be afraid of work however, for at this season the farmer puts in long hours.

Sells Orange Grove.

Rev. E. C. Jacka, who was pastor of the Presbyterian church in this city a few years ago, has just sold a valuable orange grove at Pomona, California. Commenting on the sale the Pomona Daily Progress says:

"Through the agency of Edward E. Gillen and directly as a result of an advertisement inserted by Mr. Gillen in the Daily Progress, Rev. E. C. Jacka has sold to G. E. Moore a ten acre grove located on Fourth street west of Mountain avenue in the Ontario colony at a consideration of \$13,500. The grove is set one half to Valencias and one half to navel and is in first class condition. The consideration was cash. Mr. Moore lives on East Holt avenue where he already owns a large grove. He buys the property as an investment."

Mr. and Mrs. Jacka have been living in California since they moved from Seymour.

Will Rest At Vawter Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixon and daughter, of the city hospital, left this morning for a three or four weeks vacation at Winona, Lake Wawasee and other points. Most of the time will be spent in quiet rest, perhaps at Vawter Park on Lake Wawasee. The location is a nice quiet one for a vacation of this kind. Arrangements have been made for the use of the city hospital in case of a serious accident or any other urgent necessity. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon will return in time to open the hospital again about the middle of August or a little later. Meanwhile the people will have a chance to continue the work of raising the fund for the new city hospital. It is hoped that the committee will have something new to report in the near future.

Work For Men.

The dispatches announce that 50,000 men are needed in the west to take care of the bounteous harvest. This ought to be and will be welcome tidings to honest laboring men who may be temporarily out of work.

But there are hundreds of thousands of idlers and loafers who will read the news with utter contempt and turn their faces the other way. It does happen sometimes that a worthy workman loses a situation, but for the most part idlers are those who don't want work, or are the fellows who "watched the clock" and made their toilet and spent working hours kicking on the boss—all on their employer's time. A reasonable and industrious and cheerful workman rarely ever loses his job.

To Start Foundations.

The work of cleaning away the debris and the brick from the site of the Ahlbrand carriage factory is nearing completion and the teams will be taken off today or tomorrow and put to hauling gravel for the concrete foundation of the new factory. The foundation will be started in a day or two and will be concrete up to a level with the top of the ground. It is hoped to have the concrete ready to begin laying brick in about ten days. There will be about a million brick to handle and the work will keep a large force of brickmasons busy for several weeks.

Entertained.

Mrs. Charles Vogel entertained a few friends Tuesday evening in honor of her guests, Miss Eula Chapple, of Columbus, and Miss Mary Wells, of Columbus. Those present were Misses Helen and Mary Lee Galbraith, Hattie Roeger and Leona Greer. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served and all spent a very enjoyable evening.

Goes to Brownstown.

Jas. E. Clifford, of Bloomington, has been elected superintendent of the Brownstown schools for the next year. He has been doing some teaching in the University summer school in the department of mathematics.

Baggage-master Carl Hodapp has returned from Medora where he has been for the last day or two on account of sickness of his wife.

The little child of Conductor and Mrs. Elza Jones, which has been suffering with cholera infantum for several days, continues to improve.

August Lippincott.

The August Lippincott's marks the five-hundredth appearance of this interesting monthly magazine. During those forty-odd years much history has been made, and the world has seen many important changes. In the early days Lippincott's met with comparatively little competition; for the past decade or two it has been keenly so keen that some really meritorious publications have fallen by the wayside. Yet this dean of the magazines has found no difficulty in holding its own and adhering to its established price. In short, Lippincott's is not growing old gracefully. It refuses to grow old at all. The August number is fresh and vigorous. The novelette for August is "The Cult and the Catacombs," by Dorothy Canfield. It is a sparkling tale, with a clever plot. The short stories are a rare lot and every other department is filled with interesting matter.

New Cases Filed.

During the last few days the following named cases have been filed with the clerk of the Jackson circuit court: Matilda Shields, Stella Peter Langham, et al, vs Henry Selfridge and Cudwith Abel; to quiet title.

Susan Kinworthy vs Isom Kinworthy; divorce.

Corra A. Beaver vs Thomas A. Beaver; divorce.

Esther Shirley Burrell vs Ada Brannaman; partition of real estate.

Ethel Brasket vs George Brasket; divorce.

Esther Shirley Burrell vs Cora M. Robertson; partition of real estate.

Esther Shirley Burrell vs Thos. M. Honan, Trustee; partition of real estate.

Nora E. Black vs Edward Black; divorce.

Visiting Old Home.

Mrs. Gabie G. Turmail, of Vallonia, Ind.; Mrs. George Empson, of Concordia, Kansas; and Mrs. Newton Scott, of Shawswick, are the guests of Mrs. H. E. Pitman. Mrs. Empson is a cousin of Mrs. Pitman. This is her first visit to Indiana in 22 years. Her father was George Wood, of Driftwood township, Jackson county, who went to California in the early days of the gold excitement and was murdered there for the gold he had accumulated. Bedford Mail.

How to Make Good Coffee.

First, last and all the time, have a clean coffee pot. Don't wash it with common yellow laundry soap or powder because that makes it smell bad and gives the coffee a sickening taste. Easy Task soap sterilizes coffee pots and all cooking utensils, making them clean, sweet and wholesomely healthy. That's the beauty about Easy Task soap—it is just as good for cooking vessels as for cloth or painted work or glassware or china. Not an expensive soap—five cents a cake.

Take Stock Now.

The office of the New Building and Loan Association is open every day. You can take stock any time. A few shares will install happiness in your home; it will bring sunshine and gladness to all. Call at the office of Harry M. Miller, Secretary. j21dt

Notice to Campers.

We have the most complete line of everything for that Big Outing Week. Cut rate on all goods.

Headley's Cut Rate Grocery. j22d

Announcement.

A social will be given at the home of M. S. Blish, by the Light Bearers Mission Band, of the Presbyterian church, Saturday, July 24th. All are cordially invited to attend. j24d

Marriage Licenses.

Mathew W. Welsh, of Brownstown, to Inez C. Empson, of Vallonia. Fred Stabb to Carrie Mellenkamp, both of Seymour.

I loan money at lowest rates—no delay.

Seba A. Barnes, Seymour. j20d&wt

Up to date 416 persons have lost their lives by drowning this year. Probably a large number of these unfortunate people gave their lives as a toll to the fool who rocks the boat.

Solving Brine Problem.

Railroad mechanical engineers and officials who long have been trying to solve the question of brine drippings from refrigerator cars, believe now that they have solved the question. The proposal to make central drips has been discarded and it is now decided that the icing stations should also be made dripping stations and that the cars should be so constructed that all of the brine will be held until these stations are reached. The brine has a corrosive effect on iron and steel and has caused great damage to bridges, interlocking devices and track structures. One railroad has estimated this damage at \$400 a mile a year.

Hay Ride.

A number of young people of this city gave a hay ride Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Hattie Hinkle, of S. Carter street, who will leave in a few days to make her home with her sister in New Mexico. There were eighteen in the party and they left the city about 7:30 and drove to the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Vincent, at Jonesville where a chicken supper was served. A number of young people of Jonesville were also entertained at the supper and the company remained together till a late hour.

Brownstown Reunion.

Extensive preparations are being made for the annual soldiers' reunion and home coming at Brownstown August 26 and 27. Department Commander Sommers and Col. J. R. Fessler, assistant adjutant general, will be among the old soldier speakers. Some free attractions will be provided for the people. Former residents of Brownstown are being urged to visit their old home on the two days set apart for the reunion.

Traction Talk.

The court house was crowded Saturday night to hear the interurban subsidy proposition discussed. Both Lexington and Vienna townships were well represented. Mr. Tennis, John E. Greeley, Capt. Wm. E. English, Mark Storen and Jas. F. Ervin made talks advocating the granting of the subsidy and pointing out the benefits of the proposed line to the two townships.—Scottsburg Chronicle.

Rev. A. W. Crabb and wife, of Brazil, passed through the city this morning. He preached at Tampico on Monday night and at the White church in Driftwood township on Tuesday and Wednesday nights. On Thursday and Friday nights he will speak at the Christian church at Surprise and will return home on Saturday.

WHAT IS IT?

The New Century Cleaner for cleaning quickly woodwork of all kinds—painted varnished or plain—carpets, oil cloth, bath tubs and sinks, enameled ware, floor tiling; mantels, statuary, painted walls, etc.

Removes grease and dirt at once and makes the article look like new. Call and let us show you.

W. A. Carter & Son,

17 E. Second Street.



AT THE
Majestic

All Next Week
THE

**Rosar-Mason
Stock Co.**

In a Repertoire of
Popular Plays
at Popular Prices

Truthfully Advertised
Honorably Conducted
Something Doing All the Time

LADIES FREE

MONDAY NIGHT
Seats on Sale at Miller's Book Store

PRICES:

10-20-30 Cents

**DREAMLAND
TONIGHT**

"BONDSMAN'S FATE" and
"CURED BY GYMNASICS"

Illustrated Song:
"WE ALL GROW OLD IN TIME"
By Miss Mildred Adams
PIANO—Miss Frieda Aulderheide

Three Good Reasons

Why you should trade with us:
1st—Our first consideration is quality. 2nd—Prescription work is our specialty. 3rd—Our stock of drugs and sundries is complete.

Our Soda Water is Right. Try It.

Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.
Registered Pharmacists
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

**NICKEL
TONIGHT**

ON WESTERN FRONTIER

This Picture is Shown by Request

SEE OUR VAUDEVILLE ACT TONIGHT

SONG:
"TRUE BLUE"
By Floyd Stevens

**HA! HA!
THE AIRDOME**

Funny Enough to Make
a Cat Laugh

"TANGLED RELATIONS"

Just a Comedy, That's All

Admission 10c. Reserved 20c.
Curtain Rises at 8:15.

THE FAILURE.

Just Why Annette Did Not "Accomplish Anything" That Time.

"Beth Haven going to stay with you over the tournament!" Eva Parry exclaimed. "I didn't know that you and Beth Haven were such friends."

"Which merely goes to prove," Annette retorted, gaily, "that you haven't seen Beth Haven's brother, who is coming along. Six feet one, my dear—and such eyes! I met him at the game last fall. They are to stay three days, and if I can't accomplish something in three days—"

There was not need of finishing the sentence. Anybody who knew Annette knew exactly how it would end. It was rarely indeed that Annette failed to "accomplish things" where boys were concerned.

Beth and her brother arrived that afternoon. Annette met them at the station, a very picture of a girl, Beth, the most generous little creature in the world, admitted it freely. She walked silently beside Annette and Tom, who were chatting gaily. When they had reached the house, however, and Annette was leading them to their rooms, Beth asked for Annette's mother.

"Oh, she's busy somewhere around," Annette answered, carelessly. Perhaps if Annette had seen the surprise in Tom Haven's eyes it might—since she was quick—have told her something; but she did not. As soon as her guests came down, she took them out on the lake, and it was not until supper-time that they met Mrs. Keith. Annette performed the introduction carelessly.

"Oh, here's mother!" she said. "Here are Beth and Mr. Haven, mother"—and not another word did she address to her mother during the meal.

After supper, when they were on the piazza, Mrs. Keith came to the door a moment. Tom sprang up to offer her a seat. She glanced wistfully at Annette, who did not turn her head, and with hurried thanks the mother slipped away, and was seen no more that night.

The two days following passed in the same way. Once Beth, finding that Mrs. Keith was in the kitchen most of the time, begged to help; but Mrs. Keith refused with such dismay that Beth retreated at once. It was terrible to the girl, whose own mother was her children's closest comrade. Her only comfort in the situation was that Tom was evidently seeing things, too.

When, the uncomfortable three days over, Beth and Tom left, Annette knew, notwithstanding the courteous thanks and farewells, that she had, for some unaccountable reason, failed to "accomplish something" with Tom Haven.

"It must have been that prig of a Beth!" she said, angrily. And the pity of it was that she really thought so.—Youth's Companion.

SCOTLAND'S HEALTHY CLIMATE.

Changes Elected in City Formerly "The Fever Hole of Europe."

Scotland, according to the latest statistical returns, has a population of 4,826,000, which is less than the population of London. There is a small annual increase, some 60,000, which would be larger were it not for emigration, the hardy young Scots going forth to seek their fortunes in other lands. So it happens that there is an excess of rather more than 100,000 females over males.

In 1908 there were 131,337 births in all Scotland and 77,839 deaths, which made the death rate per 1,000 only 16.13; and there were 31,583 marriages.

The death rate for the last year was lower than that of the preceding 10 years, a noteworthy fact, and when we consider that the present death rate of Scotland is about a third of that of the federal district here we get some notion of how remarkably healthy Scotland is, even allowing for its few congested centers of population and the great consumption of whisky, the Mexican Herald says.

Edinburgh, the capital, which was once called the "fever hole of Europe," is now one of the healthiest cities on the globe, owing to the great work of rehousing the poor that was accomplished there a generation ago by public-spirited citizens.

The Scots are, as a rule, a strong and enduring people, of notably high intelligence; their climate cannot be called a good one, in the sense of being agreeable, but it makes strong men and women. The most benign climates, blessed with blue skies and almost constant sunshine, do not make such sturdy people as the lands of mist and raw winds.

JAPANESE MAGAZINES.

Contents of Kokka, Nippon Oyobi Nipponjin and Yorocho Choho.

In the Kokka, a superb Japanese magazine, both text and illustrations make clear the trend of modern art in Japan; the Boston Transcript says. The present Nipponese masters, especially the painters and designers, have set about grafting occidental methods upon the stem of native art. Their realism draws its inspiration from that of Europe, notably from that of France; but they preserve the characteristic charm of Japanese work by maintaining an extreme care

for detail and displaying a genuine fidelity to nature. And yet they depart from tradition in sacrificing the impression of ensemble that was so marked in the works of Hokusai and Toyokuni. If you doubt it, examine the remarkable pictures in the Kokka by Tani Buncho.

The Nippon Oyobi Nipponjin has 500 pages devoted to a resume of the intellectual history of the new era in Japan. Politics, the press, the religious movement and all the chief factors of the national life are discussed by the ablest Japanese writers, among them Takada, Takagi and Count Okuma. There is also a complete review of the careers of newspapers and periodicals during the past 20 years. These organs have had varied fortunes, some living but a few months while their less ephemeral rivals have some time won a far less notable success than they hoped to. As in America, competition is too keen, and only a few journals enjoy a large circulation. The periodicals succeed best, and they have immensely influenced public opinion, winning it over to an acceptance of western ideas which were formerly held in abhorrence.

Karabaya Rentaro, writing in the Yorocho Choho, exposes the absurd methods of those Japanese who go abroad to study occidental civilization and imagine that they can get at it in libraries, their chief interest being devoted to the discovery of ideas that differ from what they have been familiar with at home. A better way, thinks Rentaro, would be to live in an American or European family and observe its daily life. He employs that method himself—with results highly amusing to his former hosts when they read his conclusions.

A Strange Discovery.

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that have been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of light is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.

Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through the prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum or rainbow. The disk is turned, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts.

For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound at all. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others.

The discovery is a strange one, and it is thought more wonderful things will come from it.

Bulb Raising in Holland.

An industry characteristic of the Netherlands is the raising of tulip and hyacinth bulbs. Attempts have been made in several parts of the world to grow these, but nowhere can the experiment be said to have been successful, as the proper kind of soil for propagation of perfect bulbs seems only to exist in the small space of territory between the cities of Leyden and Haarlem. These bulbs are exported to all parts of the world. The statistics for 1906, the latest available, give this area as 10,027 acres.

The exports of bulbs and bulbous roots from the Netherlands in 1907 amounted to 33,610,280 pounds, of which 6,214,120 pounds, valued at \$534,098, went to the United States.

What Our Pig Iron Would Make.

The pig iron produced in the United States in one year would make a column twice the height and size of the Eiffel Tower. The iron and steel rails, if made into one rail, would be eighty-one feet at the base, just as high, and a mile and a fifth long. The coke used in the blast furnaces would form a column four hundred feet square and six thousand five hundred feet high, and the limestone used would make a column two hundred feet square and five thousand five hundred feet high.—From Success Magazine.

An Easy One.

Teacher—Johnny, give me the name of a bird that is now extinct.

Johnny—Dick.

Teacher—Dick? What sort of a bird is that?

Johnny—Our canary. The cat extingished him.

Going Both Ways.

Friend—Why are you so distressed because your dog is lost?

Dog Trainer—Because he was such a "find."—Baltimore American.

The Dear Creatures.

"How Tillie's clothes hang about her! Why, they don't fit her at all."

"But think how much worse she would look if they did!"

The tight-rope walker is all there when it comes to keeping in the straight and narrow path.



Jack's Allowance.

"Say, Janet," Jack exclaimed, looking up from a book he was reading, "I've got just a jim-dandy idea! You see, I've been reading this story about a boy who had an allowance."

"Well, I don't want a regular allowance," objected Janet. "Sometimes I don't want any; other times I want a lot, and then I go to mother."

"But it's good to have a regular allowance," Jack insisted, "so you can save it up and have plenty."

So Jack, full of his new idea, went to find his mother.

"Mother," he said, "I think it would be a mighty good thing if you would let me have a regular allowance."

"What for?" asked Mrs. Townsend.

"Why, boys do in books, and that's how they learn to manage money. And I'd like to keep accounts in a little book and put down all I get and all I spend. I like to be orderly."

"Then you might go and put your school books away," his mother said.

"Pshaw! I don't mean that. I want to learn how 'a penny saved is two pence clear' and 'many a little makes a mickle' and all that, you know. How much do you think I ought to have?"

"Thirty-six and a half," remarked Mrs. Townsend to herself.

"A week?" asked Jack.

"No—no. I meant that this wallet is thirty-six and a half inches. What are you talking about?"

"I wish you'd pay attention, mother. I think it's time I had a regular sum every week to spend so I can keep accounts. Don't you?"

"Jack, dear, this draws puzzles me so I can't listen to you. Do run away and this evening you can ask your father."

So, having thought it over carefully, Jack tackled his father on the subject that evening after dinner.

"Father," said he, "I think boys get very careless about money. They spend small sums without thinking about it and the first thing they know they have nothing left."

"Very true, Jack," Mr. Townsend answered, cordially. "What is the trouble now? How much do you want?"

"Nothing special, just now, thank you. But I thought you'd like to put me on an allowance, you know. Then I could look ahead and sort of 'keep the wolf from the door,' and all that."

"I see," Mr. Townsend said, nodding and smiling. "You want to run your own finance department?"

"Yes, sir. That's the idea. If you'll give me a regular sum every week—say every Saturday—"

"Hm! What is to-day?"

"Saturday," Jack admitted.

"Oh! Well, suppose we start promptly next week?"

Jack looked dissatisfied, and his father saw it.

"That doesn't suit you?" Mr. Townsend inquired.

"Why—er—you see, I wanted to begin to-day. I thought I'd get a nice little red leather account book and make it all ready."

"No need of that," his father said. "Just fold up a sheet of paper and go ahead. Why waste money on an account book?"

"But," Jack objected, "one of my chief ideas was to learn to keep my accounts, and if I had a nice book that would make me careful."

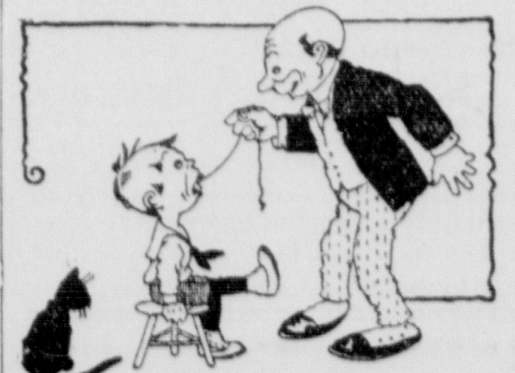
"You might practice by keeping the household accounts for your mother," Mr. Townsend suggested.

"Nobody can keep those straight," said Jack, contemptuously. "Why, she forgets what she had and doesn't know where she spent what she doesn't have. There's no good my doing that. I thought you'd like to have me learn how to be tidy and regular and saving, and all that! But if you don't care I'm sure I don't!"

And when I come to a spendthrift's grave—with not a cent to bury me—just because you wouldn't let me have fifteen or twenty cents to buy a measly little account book—why, don't blame me! That's all!"

We know many boys like Jack who have "jim-dandy" ideas, but who never get to the point of carrying them out, because of the first little obstacle they meet is turned into an excuse for dodging the work.

How to Grow a Gold Tooth.



When you have an aching tooth That must be pulled, you know, To let another better tooth In its old place to grow.

If you will keep your tongue away From where the old tooth grew, The new tooth coming in, I'm sure, Will greatly surprise you.

For in that place untouched by tongue Will grow a tooth of gold; And will remain till end of life A good tooth, so I'm told.

And if you do not cry when from

The old tooth you do part, 'Tis said a diamond will be seen In the gold tooth's bright heart.

REWARD FOR OLD SERVANT.

Former Slave, After Long Service, Is Retired to Comfort.

William Henderson, colored, for forty years the faithful coachman of the John A. Morris family at Throggs Neck, can lean back on the cushions of his own carriage now and order his coachman to drive him along the shore of the Sound and up and down the hills of Westchester, the New York World says.

Such is the reward which comes when he and his wife are seventy and well enough to enjoy many a drive. Perhaps the reward, which, in addition to horses and carriage and coachman, includes a house and land and income for life, was hastened by Mrs. Morris' conclusion that the automobile is the proper carriage for the modern woman of fashion. She clung to horses for years after all her acquaintances had abandoned their landaus and victorias for touring cars, and when she drove out nobody could sit on the box and handle the reins but William Henderson.

Finally, Mrs. Morris was persuaded by her sons, Dave Hennen Morris, former president of the Auto Club of America, and Alfred Hennen Morris, that the horseless carriage is the thing. So just the other day she took her last ride behind her favorite bays and upon the return from that drive William Henderson was retired on his pension and the bays became his. The astonished negro—he wasn't really a happy one when he learned that it was the last drive of his mistress—was told that a fine cottage on the estate, with its stable and enough land to grow all his vegetables, were also his and his wife's; that the assistant coachman was to become his driver and that he was to have a gardener and a good income in cash. The papers transferring all this wealth and luxury to the aged negro had been drawn up before the last drive and his benefactress told him of it briefly as she stepped from the carriage.

Most of his friends didn't hear of his good fortune till last Sunday, when he had to confide it to them after the morning service in the Presbyterian church. He and his wife walked to the church, for Mrs. Morris attends it, and the retired coachman did not want to make his first appearance behind those bays just at that time and place.

Mrs. Morris was Cora Hennen of New Orleans and Henderson was born in the service of her family. The freeing of the slaves offered him nothing so attractive as staying with the same old family which his father and mother had served; so when Miss Hennen married John A. Morris and came north Henderson came with her. He is known all over Westchester county almost as well as the Morriszes themselves. Several weeks ago he saved Mrs. Morris' life by stopping a pair of runaways and nearly lost his own life in doing it.

TOMMY ATKINS' UNIFORM.

New System to Be Adopted in Clothing the British Soldiers.

It will astonish most people to be told that the British government in addition to being a maker of laws is the greatest tailor in the world. The army clothing factory at Pimlico is the biggest tailor's shop in England, according to Tit-Bits. Last year Tommy Atkins' tailor's bill amounted to £355,375. During the Boer war the clothing of the army cost nearly £5,000,000.

Trousers are the most costly item in the soldier's wardrobe, and for their nether garments last year the nation had to pay no less a sum than £73,278. This recalls the fact that it is less than ninety years since the British army first put on its trousers—that is, first substituted trousers for the old-fashioned knee breeches.

The British soldier will be clothed on an entirely different system to what has prevailed for so many years, and the innovation will probably be a great deal more satisfactory to the rank and file. Every man will receive his free outfit on enlistment as heretofore, but he will be required to provide his personal clothing and necessities out of an allowance credited to him quarterly in advance. Instead of his present kit allowance of two pence a day after six months' service he will receive at the end of the first year a lump sum equivalent to the accumulated twopences, in addition to the separate clothing allowance.

The maintenance of kit and clothing will be a matter between the soldier and his commanding officer. It is intended that the present arbitrary periods of wear allotted to each garment shall be abolished. Under the old system a pair of trousers might be serviceable to-day and "time expired" to-morrow.

Even in the piping times of peace Tommy Atkins' tailor bill would make a millionaire poor in a year. Roughly speaking, it costs £1,000,000 every year to clothe the British army. The headgear of the troops, embracing everything from a simple cap to a bear-skin helmet, exhausts nearly £50,000, and boots, shoes and leggings, which are purchased ready made, cost nearly £250,000. The cost of a soldier's uniform varies from just over £10 10 shillings to less than £3, according to the regiment in which he may be serving. For instance, the annual tailor's bill for the rank and file in the life guards is just over £7, while in the infantry of the line it is under £3.

DRUDGERY OF MUSIC.

Long Hours of Practice by the World's Greatest Interpreters.

When an interviewer who had put to Kubelik a question as to the number of hours a day he practiced, was answered, "Practically all my waking hours," it is probable that the interrogator, as well as others who heard the reply, thought the response a bit of artistic exaggeration. Yet there is much evidence to sustain Kubelik's assertion.

Paganini, the greatest of all violinists, was compelled by an avaricious father to practice twelve or fourteen hours each day, says an exchange. So wearied did Paganini become of this drudgery that for several years he actually laid aside the instrument over which he had such consummate control, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. This period of musical disgust soon passed, however, and the violinist again turned to his hard work and to such good purpose that there was nothing written for the violin, no matter what its technical difficulties might be, that he was not able to play. Late in his life Paganini gave over his practicing, for the reason, it is said, that he then played only his own compositions.

A saying of Rubinstein's indicates concisely the importance of unwearied practice: "Should I not practice for a day, I know it; should I miss two days, my friends know it, and should I miss three days, even the public knows it."

Joachim, another violinist, during his student days was an inmate of the house of his master, and it was largely due to the inexorable demands to practice that the teacher laid on him that Joachim was enabled to attain his proud position. The room wherein the pupil practiced was without a window, but had a glass panel in the door. If the sound of Joachim's violin ceased for a moment during the hours set apart for practice, then could be seen the scowling face of the instructor peering through the panel. Joachim practiced one composition—the difficult Beethoven concerto—for over sixty years.

Mendelssohn has left an interesting observation touching his arduous hours of practice. Speaking of certain recitals he was giving on the organ, he said: "I became so interested in my work that whole days passed like hours. I practiced pedal passages to such an extent that the act of walking along the street actually transformed itself into a fugue, so automatic had my movements become."

With regard to his practicing, Paderewski entertains some odd notions, one of which is a penchant for a nocturnal running of the scales. The great Pole has been known to spend the whole night in achieving perfection in one or two runs of a composition he was studying.

Paderewski has said that the greatest foe a musician has to fight is the feeling of satiety that is sure to oppress him should his work be not well apportioned. Each season the Pole finds that he must acquire some twenty to thirty new compositions. So hard does he work at these that at the conclusion of his short tour he cannot endure to hear a single bar of any of them. Like many other musicians, he is saved from inaction only by the acquirement of novelties.

Put Into Practice.

Poor Pattison went into the chemist's shop for some plaster for his head. "I've always tried to bring up my children to think before they speak," he said, with a sigh, "but I am convinced it is a wrong principle."

"Surely not, sir," answered the chemist, sympathetically.

"Yes, sir," Pattison replied. "I've told my children always to count ten before they say anything. This morning I went out for a walk with my eldest boy. We were walking near some partially built houses when Tom called out, 'Oh, father!'"

"Now, steady, my boy," I said, seeing he was excited; 'count ten.'"

"Did he obey you?"

"Yes, worse luck, he did, but before he had got to five the brick he had seen falling hit me on the head. Thank you. How much?"—London Mail.

Concerning Graft.

Where'er you look you're sure to find The man who takes a rake-off; Some way to profit strikes his mind, Whatever claim you stake off. The things men eat or drink or wear, 'Neath palace roof or rafter, Have opportunities somewhere To gratify the grafter. In every branch of men's affairs, In art and even science, He prigs the patiflet's wares In confident defiance. For he who dwells in idle pride And lives 'mid selfish laughter Must candidly be classified As something of a grafter. —Washington Star.

Salary Grabbing.

The bookkeeper timidly approached. "If you please," he said, "I would like a raise of pay."

"You, too!" fairly moaned the capitalist. "Say, do you want to sink to the moral level of a congressman? I won't be a party to your downfall!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Nearest Approach.

"Have you any decorations in America like the Victoria Cross, for example?"

"Er—er—well, I think perhaps the 'double cross' is our nearest approach to it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

We feel sorry for the wife of a man who takes a gloomy view of married life.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



Nothing that a child says should be treated with ridicule.

When a man has stopped learning, he is no longer fit to teach.

God has made every bird that flies a pledge that He will not forget His child.

We can not know anything else well unless we know a good deal about folks.

If we would walk with God we must learn to do it one step at a time.

Learn to read people as you do books, and you will find them more interesting.

The quickest way to take the weight out of a burden is to give it to the Lord.

There is more hope for a fool than there is for a man who isn't trying to get anywhere.

The greatest effort we can possibly make is the effort we make in the name of the Lord.

A woman can see clear through a man without an X-ray, even when he has on his overcoat.

Some people seem to think they have added a cubit to their stature every time they buy a dish of ice cream to help the church.

IDENTIFYING THE TWINS.

"Being twins" is an amusing, not to say a confusing, occupation. When twins are old enough to know each other—and themselves—apart, their guardians are saved a great deal of trouble. At an early age there is apt to be considerable confusion. A writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger tells the following tale of a benevolent old gentleman who stopped a nurse girl wheeling two similar-looking infants in a baby carriage:

"Ah! Twins?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl; "both boys."

"So?" said the old gentleman. "How do you tell them apart? Which is which?"

"This one," said the nurse, pointing. "Is this, and that one is that."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "how very interesting! But," he added, indicating the second one, "might not this one be this also?"

"It might," said the girl, after a short pause. "Then, of course, that one would be that."

"Well, then," said the old gentleman, "how do you manage to separate them?"

"We seldom do, but when we want to we put one in one room and the other in another."

"Do you, indeed? Which one do you put in one room?"

"Sometimes this one and sometimes that."

"How do you know which one you're putting in which room?"

"We look and see which is in the other room, and then we know the other is in the which room."

"Very good," said the old gentleman, warming up to the problem, "but if one of them was in the house and the other was away somewhere, would you be able to tell which was in the house?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the girl, earnestly. "All we would have to do would be to look at him, and then we would know that the one we saw was the one in the house, and then, of course, the one away somewhere would be the other. There are only two of them, you see, which makes it very easy."

The benevolent gentleman then passed on.—Youth's Companion.

Those Hats They Wear.

No doubt you have noticed with anguish and sorrow

The things that the ladies now wear on their heads.

Alas! we never imagined they'd borrow Their models from wash tubs and tumble-down sheds.

Or choose for a pattern the complaining old scuttle,

That full to the brim many winters we have.

The rusty old scuttle, the battered old scuttle,

The old iron scuttle that stood by the stove.

Remote was the fear that the beauty and grace

Of a dish pan inverted would their fancy enthral.

Made still more entrancing by feathers and lace,

And a fowl and a ribbon to wave over all.

But they'll scarcely improve on the ramshackle scuttle,

Around which a web of bright fancy they weave.

Topic Times

Fifty thousand tons of soot are taken from London chimneys in a year. It is estimated to be worth \$40,000 and is used as a fertilizer, half a ton to an acre.

The rolling stock of the Russian railways suffers loss from the hands of thieves. To years ago 10,000 passenger and freight cars disappeared and were never found again.

The pine reaches a maximum age of seven hundred years; the silver fir, 425; the larch, 275; the red beech, 245; the aspen, 210; the birch, 200; the ash, 170; the elder, 145, and the elm, 130.

Alleluia or Hallelujah Victory was a victory by the Saxons under St. Germanus over the Picts and Britons. The Christians all shouted "Alleluia" and so terrified the heathen that they took to flight.

Normandy is the apple country of Europe. Germany is its best customer. The apples which could not be sold were turned into 73,000,000 gallons of cider, which is the favorite beverage of the inhabitants of northern France.

It was a musical man who gave his four daughters the following names: Do-re, Mi-fa, So-la, Ti-do. The first escaped with the nickname Dora, the second answered Miffy, the third owned up to Solly, while the youngest generally got Tiddy.

The girls of Wells college voted recently on the suffrage question. There are 170 girls in the college; of these only 80 voted, and of the 80, 59 voted against votes for women, 8 voted for them with certain property and educational qualifications and only 13 voted for them without qualifications.

It was 10:30 o'clock when a certain five-year-old got to bed the other night, very tired and sleepy. He undressed quickly and hopped into bed. "George," said his mother, sternly, "I'm surprised at you. You didn't say your prayers. Get right out of that bed and say them." "Aw, mamma," came from the tired youngster, "what's the use of wakin' the Lord up at this time of night to hear me pray?"

Miss Elsie N. Chambers is the head of the girls' high school at Kassab, Turkey, which is said to have been destroyed by Moslems. According to Miss Chambers' last report the school year ended in 1907 was remarkably successful. Fifty girls attended the school, of whom fifteen were graduated. These graduates either took charge of lower schools in the Kassab district or continued their studies at Aintab seminary.

Goblets made of ice for use in hot weather originated in Holland, where they are widely used. This novelty has been introduced in the United States and is used at a number of soda fountains in the larger cities in the eastern states. After removal from the molds the goblet is placed in a sheath of parchment paper and kept in cold storage. Of course, it can be used but once and is then thrown away.—Soda Fountain Magazine.

Although he was mild in his speech and manner the old gentleman played golf well. But once when he made a fool of himself he ejaculated vehemently the word "Assouan!" A few moments later, when he had made another bad play, he repeated: "Assouan!" The fourth time one of his friends said: "I certainly do not want to be inquisitive, but will you tell me why you say 'Assouan' so often?" "Well," said the old gentleman, "isn't that the biggest dam in the world?" He was a clergyman.

From Cleveland comes the wail of an old fashioned man who longs for the things that were. Desiring to get a bootjack, he visited six stores in his search, but at none of them was the article kept in stock. In half the places the spruce young clerks had never heard of such a thing and one bright youth of a later generation brought out a shoe horn in the confident belief that that was the thing desired. Not even in the souvenir shops could the object of search be discovered.

One professional man has devised an effective plan for handling persistent conversationalists. He has on his desk a small alarm clock. When a visitor of unpleasant propensities is announced this man picks up his clock, sets the alarm for three minutes ahead and receives the caller. Time goes by and then the clock does its duty. The busy man starts as he hears the sound, consults his watch and then rises with a hasty apology. "I'm mighty sorry we won't be able to discuss that longer," he says, "but I've an important engagement at this hour and simply must keep it."

More or less credence is still given to the old belief in the sympathy of the vegetable kingdom for human suffering. "I prayed all night," writes a gardener whose employer was very sick, "and the flowers on my window sill drooped and I said to myself they were dead. But toward morning they picked up and I was sure enough the master was better. And the same thing had happened to the flowers I had sent to his bedroom. They were dying, and they came to life again. And I knowed when those flowers picked up that the master was better."

CLOWN'S LIFE IS HARD.
Old-Time Jester Describes Trials and Exactions of His Profession.
If you never have met a circus clown you should get permission to

go behind the scenes at the circus and obtain an introduction to one of the fellows whose antics amuse you so much from your comfortable seat.

"We're pretty much like anybody else, even if we do have to wear white faces and a rainbow suit," declared "Al" Miaco, the oldest clown in active service in the country. "Al" thus delivered himself as he stood behind the scenes near a contortionist who was tying himself in a bow-knot preparatory to going into the ring.

"For a clown there's no living on his past reputation. If he tries it, he'll find he's a sure enough clown, all right. All the invention in the world is not confined to Edison. A clown must be just as inventive as Edison ever was in his best form, and he's got to be inventive with a very uncertain force—the force of popular approval. Plenty of people think all a clown has to do is to go through some 'stunts' prepared by the management of the circus. That is far from the truth.

"A clown must be an originator. He must think out all his own 'stunts,' and he must be constantly on the quiver for new ideas. A clown is worth a big salary only when he can invent original things for himself and other clowns to do. He is something more than a mere actor—he's a creator. You see, he's a Clyde Fitch and a John Drew in one. He thinks out a bit of play and then goes and does it.

"Yes, sir, he has his first night just like any other artist. I tell you, lots of times I'll come into the ring with a new bit of stuff to spring and I feel pretty nervous—like an American prima donna trying it on an European audience, you know. And, say, it don't take me more'n four minutes and a half to tell whether my new idea's a live one or belongs to the graveyard. Popular approval doesn't take long to tell you it's there. And usually one trial is enough. Audiences are almost all alike, and what will please one audience will please 'em all.

"If you once get a good 'stunt' you can go on with it for quite a while, but then you've got to dig up another one. The test of a clown's greatness is his ability to be a good digger. The fellow that always has a new idea to take the place of the last one that once was new and now is old is the man that gets the big salary.

"It's no cinch to be a good clown and every clown can't be a clown. Lots of men break into the business for a little while and don't last. Sometimes they haven't the talent and sometimes they can't stand the life. The city men in particular don't like to play in two feet of mud in some of the little country towns we visit. But old, oneering men like myself don't mind. A couple of feet of mud is like old times, and reminds us of our youth, when we were in the most gigantic show on earth—consisting of one elephant, one clown and three cart horses.

"I've been a clown for 25 years. It's not so easy to make people laugh as it was once. All I had to do in the old-time one-ring circus was to get into the ring and look around. Everyone laughed. Then a little line of talk—awful thin talk, too—was good for 20 minutes any time. But those days are gone. Now it is a question of being 'Johnny-on-the-spot' with new ideas every new moon. This being an artist is all right, of course, but sometimes I think I'd rather be a plain, old-fashioned clown."

BAGGAGE IN FRANCE.

Tale of a Little Fat Woman Who Paid Excess Freight on Herself.

Anybody could see that the little fat lady was in a hurry. The Nord express was waiting outside and they had told her she must get to the station early in order to have her trunk weighed. She had a trunk, a modest yellow trunk, one of those fiber affairs they sell you with the tale that it is so light you will save a lot of money in baggage charges. But the porter who brought it made as much fuss over it as if it had been full of bricks, says Samuel G. Blythe in Everybody's.

That was acting, and the fat little lady paid no attention to it. "Put it there," she ordered, pointing to the scale, where an amiable brigand was waiting, flanked by a boy with the labels and a paste pot, and surrounded by admiring constituents, who expressed great astonishment at the expert way he read the figures on the indicator.

The little fat lady was in a hurry, but she did not intend to be cheated, so she stepped close to the amiable brigand and peered at the scale. The amiable brigand weighed her in with the trunk, and gave her the slip, indicating, with a fine, expressive wave of his hand, the window to which she was to take it. The boy pasted the green label on, another porter seized the trunk and took it away and the little fat lady pushed her slip through the window, where a distinguished old man peered at it for a minute and wrote on it "Sixty-six francs."

"What," gasped the fat little lady. "Sixty-six francs, madame." She wrinkled her forehead into many corrugations and figured it out. "Why, you old scoundrel," she piped, "that is \$12.20." "Sixty-six francs, madame," insisted the man behind the window. "For one little, tiny bit of a trunk! It's some mistake. I will not be robbed in this fashion. Weigh it again."

The trunk was gone. The fat little lady appealed wildly to everybody in sight, but from behind the window came monotonously: "Sixty-six francs."

A good pocket rule—Keep your hands out of other people's.

RELIGIOUS

The Years of the Canker-Worm.

Among the four Drummond girls Lois was not the least attractive, but the others married, and Lois remained at home. There was need that some one should remain there, and such duties fell naturally to Lois. She blossomed later than her sisters, having been a tall, awkward girl, with large hands and feet, of which she was painfully conscious. Shyness and the habit of contrasting herself with her sisters came upon her, and although the others never consciously crowded her into the background, they came to the front one by one, and she was left to perform the commonplace duties of life.

That she always did her duties uncomplainingly or saw the years going by without sadness is too much to declare; but she was a good and faithful daughter, and her mother and father constantly declared that they did not know how they could have got on without her. But all the time the years were slipping by, and the dreams of a girl for her own life were dissolving into thin air, and revealing in their stead only monotonous and commonplace realities.

At last Lois was free, and able to look back upon duties faithfully performed. She had held the hand of father and mother till God took them both, and their last words were words of grateful love to a faithful daughter.

Then she took stock of her prospects, and settled back to disappointment and sorrow. Her occupation was gone, and she had fitted herself for no other. Her youth had passed, her companions had married, and many of them had removed, and she was left alone, necessary to no one.

One day, when she was reading her Bible, she chanced upon the minor prophets, about whom she had had little occasion to inquire, and her eye lighted on the words of Joel: "And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the canker-worm and the caterpillar and the palmer-worm."

She wondered what it meant. Not even God can restore lost time, she bitterly reflected, and how could there come back to her the freshness and opportunity of youth? Yet the verse stayed by her. She thought again and again of the years that had been lost to progress through the doing of simple duty; and she asked God to reveal the meaning of those years.

She found the answer in a new peace within her spirit. The years had not been wasted. They had taught her patience, self-control, ability to assume responsibilities. They had been good in themselves, and they must needs be good as a preparation for some future that God had before her. She took up work in the church and for the poor. She lived happily in service, for she had learned to serve.

And now, behold! a wonder came to light. With the return of cheerfulness and readiness for service came a new joy, that shone from her face and caused the years to sit lightly there. The tall, ungainly girl had grown into a queenly woman, with self-possession, dignity, and the charm of kindness radiant in her face. It became no uncommon thing for men to say, "What a handsome woman Lois Drummond is!" and women saw in her in her full-blown charms the perfection of womanly graces. And one day love came her way, and all the years that had gone found their meaning in preparation for the sweet and solemn responsibilities of a home.

Seldom does a bride go forth with more good wishes than were showered upon her; and as she looked at her face in the mirror on the eve of her marriage, she remembered the words of the prophet, and smiled a happy and thankful smile. The years of humble duty had not been lost to her, but had added their charm to her womanhood.—Youth's Companion.

Character of a Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care,
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth love and early pray,
More of His grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend—

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.
—Sir Henry Wotton.

Restoration for the Soul.

There is only one kind of cure for sin-sickness, and that is right living. We must come to the Great Physician first, and, placing ourselves wholly in His care, accept all that He has to offer. But after that we must do something about it. If we have given ourselves to the Savior, and

wonder why we are so feeble and unthrifty in our spiritual life, we shall find the trouble in our failure to be living in fullest accord with all that He would have us do. We must go right, if we would get well. For "the law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul."

The Mountain Top.

Our Lord sought the mountain-top with a few chosen friends for quiet prayer and uplifting thought, and they saw Him transformed before them, so that even His poor garment shone in the transfiguring radiance. Out of the withdrawals into the region of pure air, out of those prayers spoken with only God as listener, came the transformations which glorify our human lives and our humble work. To get up above the level of every day, to get apart from the multitude of cares that disturb and distract, is the secret of finding light and peace.

Reliance on God.

The whole walk of faith through life is the simple but sublime reliance upon an Almighty arm that is never seen, but always felt. This accounts for the fact that the word "trust" is the keyword of the Old Testament theology, and the word "believe" is the keyword in the New Testament. Both mean substantially the same thing. And when our heavenly Father saith, "Cast thy burden upon Me," and our loving Redeemer saith, "Cast the load of thy sins upon Me," they expect us to take them at their word.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

He was standing in front of the hotel, smoking a long, fat cigar, with a gold sash about his corpulent waist. The creases in his trousers were new and pronounced, his shoes were freshly blacked, and all about him proclaimed a man who had finished his work for the day, eaten a good dinner and was now in the frame of mind to regard the world as a good place to play in.

A rather shabby looking young fellow, with a stubby beard and a hat that may have cost ninety-five cents several seasons ago, glanced at the comfortable looking man, passed on a step or two, hesitated, and went back.

"I beg your pardon, mister," he began, "but—"

"Ah! the other interrupted. "What is it this time? I suppose you would like to have a little assistance toward buying a ticket to the course of lectures on 'Creeds that have moved the world,' in order—"

"No, excuse me, mister—"

"No? Then it must be that you want the price of admission to the address before the Mycological Center on the 'Edible Mushrooms of the Middle West,' so that when you order mushrooms—"

"Say, mister—"

"What, wrong again? You don't mean to tell me that you have just buried your father and mother and that your youngest child is—"

"No, I just wanted—"

Oh, now I have it! You have walked all the way from Pittsburg to get a job at—"

"You needn't think—"

"I don't—after office hours. I can't afford to. But is it possible that I am mistaken again? It cannot be that you want a nickel to buy a drink? That you would accept anything so sordid as money?"

The young fellow had his chance at last. With a grim glint in his eye he took it.

"I don't want anything," he said, "only if I could make chin-music as fast and easy as you do, I'd have my clothes made to order by a good tailor. There's a tag on the back of your coat that says '40 stout. Price: \$15.' I thought maybe you didn't know it." —Youth's Companion.

Actress Changed Her Occupation.

One actress who has found herself in other lines than those of the stage is Miss Elsie De Wolfe, who, after 10 years behind the footlights, has become a decorator and art connoisseur. She designed all the fittings for the fashionable Colony Club, of New York, and supplied the materials. She finds more pleasure in purchasing in Paris and other parts of Europe hangings and bric-a-brac for wealthy Americans than in portraying the American girl on the stage. She declares that besides the greater amount of pleasure she gets out of her present occupation there is more money in it than in the stage.

Art.

Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.—Sir Thomas Browne.

It Was His Fun.

Small Harold was crying when his aunt said: "Don't cry, Harold; it doesn't help matters." "W-what do you care," sobbed the little fellow, "so long as I'm enjoyin' my-myself!"

The United States annually exports more cottonseed oil than all the other countries of the world combined—42,000,000 out of 52,000,000 gallons.

A woman never realizes how awkward her husband is until he attempts to pass things to guests at the dinner table.

FISH AS FOOD.

A Popular Fallacy Is That It Increases Brain Power.

One popular fallacy in connection with fish may be noticed—namely, the oft-repeated assertion that the eating of that particular food increases brain power. No one who has studied the subject can possibly believe the assertion.

A man might eat a huge portion of fish every day of his life and on the day of his death, if the quantity of phosphorus (the brain invigorator) consumed were to become visible, it would not amount to more than might probably suffice to tip a couple of lucifer matches.

Communities have existed that lived almost solely on fish, but these ichthyophagists were certainly not famous for intellectual attainments. Nor are our fisher villages, in many of which much fish is presumably consumed, the seats of any great amount of brain power. None of our fisher folks are remarkable for genius, or even for what is called common sense, their views of life and its responsibilities being shrouded in a haze of superstition which they lack sufficient strength of mind to see through.

No fishing community, so far as is known to the writer, has given to the world a great man. Men of mark—poets, preachers, lawyers, warriors, philosophers and physicians have emanated from all classes except the fishing class.

Upon one occasion, when some friends were praising fish to Douglas Jerrold as the finest possible food for intellectual people, "Yes," said the wit; "I have been a guest within these few weeks at 13 white-bait dinners and see here (showing a packet of manuscript), that has just been rejected by a friendly editor, who says it is not up to my mark. What do you say to that?"

It is supposed that the idea originated from the phosphorescent light emitted from decayed fish. But this light is more in the nature of foxfire, and does not necessarily indicate the presence of phosphorus and, even if it did, the brain could not be enriched by its consumption.

HE, TOO, LOOKED.

Every little while Mr. Vernon expounds to his wife the frivolity and light-headedness of her sex. He is occasionally encouraged to do this by the lady herself, who, being of a generous disposition, is willing for the time to yield to the other half that position of superiority it so naturally assumes. One day Mr. Vernon began again on his favorite subject.

"You women are just like a pack of sheep," he remarked. "If one of you goes to look at anything, the rest are sure to follow. I believe that you could be led anywhere."

"Do you?" said his wife, with interest.

"Yes, ma'am, I do, indeed!" replied her husband, emphatically. "I can give you an illustration of it, too. This afternoon I was down-town, and noticed a crowd—all women—about a store window. Every woman that came along had to go up and see what there was. There were so many of them that you could hardly tell what they were looking at."

"What were they looking at?" said his wife.

"There you go!" remarked her husband. "Just as curious as the rest of them! Well, there was nothing there but some false hair and some veils."

"How do you know?"

"Because I looked."

"But I thought you said there was such a crowd it was almost impossible to get through."

"I did say so, but I finally managed to work my way up near enough to find out what it was they were staring at. Women are certainly curious creatures."

"Yes, I suppose they are," said Mrs. Vernon. "It's funny, too, how hard some men will work just to discover what a few other people are looking at."

But Mr. Vernon was busy with his paper.—Youth's Companion.

No Change of Faith.

Mr. Kirke had been setting forth some of his cheerful views of life, and the summer boarder was much pleased. "You are a real optimist!" she said, joyfully.

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Kirke, with reproachful decision. "If I've given you any reason to think I'm going back on the Methodist church that I was raised and brought up in, I'm sorry; you've mistook my talk. I haven't any quarrel with folks that find these new sects helpful, but the old ones are good enough for me."

Egyptian Beggars.

According to Richard Croker it is American money which seems to be keeping Egypt going. "Two-thirds of the visitors," says Mr. Croker, "I met all around came from America, and they represented all parts of the States. They provide the people with a living not only in the hotels, but in the streets. I never saw such people for begging. As soon as an Egyptian child is born it seems to ask for back-sheesh, and Egyptians are looking for money all the time."

Up-to-Date Dentistry.

A simple remedy for toothache is to pull the sufferer away from the tooth.—Atlanta Georgian.

After a man gets one bite he wants the rest of the apple.

"FRENCH LADIES' SHOES."

Shoemaking, according to the charming "Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens" in the Century Magazine, was a family trade among his father's people; and it was in a shoe shop in Dublin that his mother, who bound slippers, met and married the gay young Gascon shoemaker, Bernard Paul Ernest Saint-Gaudens, who later brought her to America and set up for himself.

"His sign, 'French Ladies' Boots and Shoes,'" declares his sculptor son, appreciatively, "must have been irresistible when taken together with the wonderfully complex mixture of his fierce French accent and his Irish brogue. This bewildering language was just as bad at the end of fifty years as when he landed."

He had, too, a whimsical way of freely using fantastic proverbs, real or improvised—"As much use as a mustard plaster on a wooden leg"; "As handy with his hands as a pig with his tail"; "What you are saying and nothing at all is the same thing"—and mixing these with quotations from favorite classic authors of Greece and France.

Dealings with a shoemaker such as this were quite above the plain prose of common business, and the elder Saint-Gaudens had distinguished customers, whom he retained despite exasperating misfits—misfits not through incompetence, but through conviction.

Moccasins, sandals and common-sense lasts were then undreamed of for civilized feet, but he believed, in advance of his time, in allowing ample room to the toes. Unfortunately he also believed in compressing the foot just behind them, thus forcing them—as the fingers may be forced by squeezing the hand hard below the knuckles—to spread out fanwise. This theory he "carried out with the greatest insistence in the face of the protests and tortures of his customers."

One of the most faithful of these was Horace Greeley, who "delighted to wrangle with this argumentative shoemaker upon the philosophy of footwear" when ordering shoes for his two beautiful little girls, Ida and Gabrielle, whose attire throughout their childhood was, in accordance with their parents' theories, more hygienic than picturesque. In young ladyhood they became notably elegant, and an old family friend who attended Ida's wedding—and who remembered her one-time curious frocks and shoes of combined Greeley-Saint-Gaudens design—noted with amused pleasure how the fair bride stood, in her foolish little high-heeled slippers, at the head of a flight of stairs, down which the prodigiously long train of her fashionable wedding dress overflowed to the very bottom.

OVEREXERTION AND EXERCISE.

One of the Effects of the Marathon Craze—Undue Strain on Heart.

Since the Marathon run last summer was won by an American such tests of endurance have been enthusiastically pursued by the youth of kindred nations, the Youth's Companion says. Americans intend to keep this country at the front in future Olympic games. Englishmen are preparing to take away that distinction—training so ardently as to give cause for warnings which their cousins will do well to heed.

The Marathon distance is about twenty-six miles. At the Olympic it is covered by young men who are supposed to be strong, sound, experienced and directed by experts, who know how to place each stride and get the most out of every muscle. Even so, a Marathon is not a pleasing spectacle. It indicates that the contestants have undergone a strain from which they will not soon, if ever, recover.

Medical authorities are agreed that this is the fact. Many go further and declare that just as it harms men to run a long distance, so does it injure growing boys to run a shorter distance. Five of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in England have united in a statement that "school and cross-country races exceeding one mile are wholly unsuitable for boys under 19, as the continued strain involved is apt to cause a permanent injury to the heart and other organs."

Some will think that this shows excess of caution. Perhaps it does. At any rate, it shows unselfishness, for the doctors are trying to forestall conditions that in later years they would be called upon to treat. If they are willing to make that sacrifice for what they conceive to be the general good, surely any youth can afford for his own good to give up the hope of a momentary fame.

The Marathon craze has served one useful purpose, however, in that it has led to a thorough re-examination of large and important questions. So far in Great Britain the conservatives seem to have triumphed. Even the setting-up drill of the British army has of late been revised with a view to eliminate all movements that put undue strain upon the heart. No one can go far wrong if he follows that precedent.

Exercise is necessary and wholesome. Excessive exercise, the over-exertion that leads to collapse or invites accident or brings on fatigue which is not soon dispelled is always harmful if not to-day, to-morrow.

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THE FAILURE.

Just Why Annette Did Not "Accomplish Anything" That Time.

"Beth Haven going to stay with you over the tournament!" Eva Parry exclaimed. "I didn't know that you and Beth Haven were such friends."

"Which merely goes to prove," Annette retorted, gaily, "that you haven't seen Beth Haven's brother, who is coming also. Six feet one, my dear—and such eyes! I met him at the game last fall. They are to stay three days, and if I can't accomplish something in three days—"

There was no need of finishing the sentence. Anybody who knew Annette knew exactly how it would end. It was rarely indeed that Annette failed to "accomplish things" where boys were concerned.

Beth and her brother arrived that afternoon. Annette met them at the station, a very picture of a girl. Beth, the most generous little creature in the world, admitted it freely. She walked silently beside Annette and Tom, who were chatting gaily. When they had reached the house, however, and Annette was leading them to their rooms, Beth asked for Annette's mother.

"Oh, she's busy somewhere around," Annette answered, carelessly. Perhaps if Annette had seen the surprise in Tom Haven's eyes it might—since she was quick—have told her something; but she did not. As soon as her guests came down, she took them out on the lake, and it was not until supper-time that they met Mrs. Keith. Annette performed the introduction carelessly.

"Oh, here's mother!" she said. "Here are Beth and Mr. Haven, mother"—and no other word did she address to her mother during the meal.

After supper, when they were on the piazza, Mrs. Keith came to the door a moment. Tom sprang up to offer her a seat. She glanced wistfully at Annette, who did not turn her head, and with hurried thanks the mother slipped away, and was seen no more that night.

The two days following passed in the same way. Once Beth, finding that Mrs. Keith was in the kitchen most of the time, begged to help; but Mrs. Keith refused with such dismay that Beth retreated at once. It was terrible to the girl, whose own mother was her children's closest comrade. Her only comfort in the situation was that Tom was evidently seeing things, too.

When, the uncomfortable three days over, Beth and Tom left, Annette knew, notwithstanding the courteous thanks and farewells, that she had, for some unaccountable reason, failed to "accomplish something" with Tom Haven.

"It must have been that prig of a Beth!" she said, angrily. And the pity of it was that she really thought so.—Youth's Companion.

SCOTLAND'S HEALTHY CLIMATE.

Changes Effected in City Formerly "The Fever Hole of Europe."

Scotland, according to the latest statistical returns, has a population of 4,826,000, which is less than the population of London. There is a small annual increase, some 60,000, which would be larger were it not for emigration, the hardy young Scots going forth to seek their fortunes in other lands. So it happens that there is an excess of rather more than 100,000 females over males.

In 1908 there were 131,337 births in all Scotland and 77,839 deaths, which made the death rate per 1,000 only 16.13; and there were 31,583 marriages.

The death rate for the last year was lower than that of the preceding 10 years, a noteworthy fact, and when we consider that the present death rate of Scotland is about a third of that of the federal district here we get some notion of how remarkably healthy Scotland is, even allowing for its few congested centers of population and the great consumption of whisky, the Mexican Herald says.

Edinburgh, the capital, which was once called the "fever hole of Europe," is now one of the healthiest cities on the globe, owing to the great work of rehousing the poor that was accomplished during a generation ago by public-spirited citizens.

The Scots are, as a rule, a strong and enduring people, of notably high intelligence; their climate cannot be called a good one, in the sense of being agreeable, but it makes strong men and women. The most benign climates, blessed with blue skies and almost constant sunshine, do not make such sturdy people as the lands of mist and raw winds.

JAPANESE MAGAZINES.

Contents of Kokka, Nippon Oyobi Nipponjin and Yorozen Choho.

In the Kokka, a superb Japanese magazine, both text and illustrations make clear the trend of modern art in Japan, the Boston Transcript says. The present Nipponese masters, especially the painters and designers, have set about grafting occidental methods upon the stem of native art. Their realism draws its inspiration from that of Europe, notably from that of France; but they preserve the characteristic charm of Japanese work by maintaining an extreme care

for detail and displaying a genuine fidelity to nature. And yet they depart from tradition in sacrificing the impression of ensemble that was so marked in the works of Hokusai and Toyokuni. If you doubt it, examine the remarkable pictures in the Kokka by Tani Buncho.

The Nippon Oyobi Nipponjin has 500 pages devoted to a resume of the intellectual history of the new era in Japan. Politics, the press, the religious movement and all the chief factors of the national life are discussed by the ablest Japanese writers, among them Takada, Takagi and Count Okuma. There is also a complete review of the careers of newspapers and periodicals during the past 20 years. These organs have had varied fortunes, some living but a few months while their less ephemeral rivals have sometimes won a far less notable success than they hoped to. As in America, competition is too keen, and only a few journals enjoy a large circulation. The periodicals succeed best, and they have immensely influenced public opinion, winning it over to an acceptance of western ideas which were formerly held in abhorrence.

Karabaya Rentaro, writing in the Yorozen Choho, exposes the absurd methods of those Japanese who go abroad to study occidental civilization and imagine that they can get at it in libraries, their chief interest being devoted to the discovery of ideas that differ from what they have been familiar with at home. A better way, thinks Rentaro, would be to live in an American or European family and observe its daily life. He employs that method himself—with results highly amusing to his former hosts when they read his conclusions.

A Strange Discovery.

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that have been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of light is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lamplblack, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.

Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through the prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum or rainbow. The disk is turned, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts.

For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound at all. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others.

The discovery is a strange one, and it is thought more wonderful things will come from it.

Bulb Raising in Holland.

An industry characteristic of the Netherlands is the raising of tulip and hyacinth bulbs. Attempts have been made in several parts of the world to grow these, but nowhere can the experiment be said to have been successful, as the proper kind of soil for propagation of perfect bulbs seems only to exist in the small space of territory between the cities of Leyden and Haarlem. These bulbs are exported to all parts of the world. The statistics for 1906, the latest available, give this area as 10,027 acres.

The exports of bulbs and bulbous roots from the Netherlands in 1907 amounted to 33,610,280 pounds, of which 6,214,120 pounds, valued at \$534,098, went to the United States.

What Our Pig Iron Would Make.

The pig iron produced in the United States in one year would make a column twice the height and size of the Eiffel Tower. The iron and steel rails, if made into one rail, would be eighty-one feet at the base, just as high, and a mile and a fifth long. The coke used in the blast furnaces would form a column four hundred feet square and six thousand five hundred feet high, and the limestone used would make a column two hundred feet square and five thousand five hundred feet high.—From Success Magazine.

An Easy One.

Teacher—Johnny, give me the name of a bird that is now extinct.

Johnny—Dick.

Teacher—Dick? What sort of a bird is that?

Johnny—Our canary. The cat exterminated him.

Going Both Ways.

Friend—Why are you so distressed because your dog is lost?

Dog Trainer—Because he was such a "find."—Baltimore American.

The Dear Creatures.

"How Tillie's clothes hang about her! Why, they don't fit her at all."

"But think how much worse she would look if they did!"

The tight-rope walker is all there when it comes to keeping in the straight and narrow path.



Jack's Allowance.

"Say, Janet," Jack exclaimed, looking up from a book he was reading. "I've got just a jimdandy idea! You see, I've been reading this story about a boy who had an allowance."

"Well, I don't want a regular allowance," objected Janet. "Sometimes I don't want any; other times I want a lot, and then I go to mother."

"But it's good to have a regular allowance," Jack insisted, "so you can save it up and have plenty."

So Jack, full of his new idea, went to find his mother.

"Mother," he said, "I think it would be a mighty good thing if you would let me have a regular allowance."

"What for?" asked Mrs. Townsend.

"Why, boys do in books, and that's how they learn to manage money. And I'd like to keep accounts in a little book and put down all I get and all I spend. I like to be orderly."

"Then you might go and put your school books away," his mother said. "Pshaw! I don't mean that. I want to learn how a penny saved is two pence clear" and "many a little makes a mickle" and all that, you know. How much do you think I ought to have?"

"Thirty-six and a half," remarked Mrs. Townsend to herself.

"A week?" asked Jack.

"No—no. I meant that this waist is thirty-six and a half inches. What are you talking about?"

"I wish you'd pay attention, mother. I think it's time I had a regular sum every week to spend so I can keep accounts. Don't you?"

"Jack, dear, this does puzzle me so I can't listen to you. Do run away and this evening you can ask your father."

So, having thought it over carefully, Jack tackled his father on the subject that evening after dinner.

"Father," said he, "I think boys get very careless about money. They spend small sums without thinking about it and the first thing they know they have nothing left."

"Very true, Jack," Mr. Townsend answered, cordially. "What is the trouble now? How much do you want?"

"Nothing special, just now, thank you. But I thought you'd like to put me on an allowance, you know. Then I could look ahead and sort of 'keep the wolf from the door,' and all that."

"I see," Mr. Townsend said, nodding and smiling. "You want to run your own finance department?"

"Yes, sir. That's the idea. If you'll give me a regular sum every week—say every Saturday—"

"H'm! What is to-day?"

"Saturday," Jack admitted.

"Oh! Well, suppose we start promptly next week?"

Jack looked dissatisfied, and his father saw it.

"That doesn't suit you?" Mr. Townsend inquired.

"Why—er—you see, I wanted to begin to-day. I thought I'd get a nice little red leather account book and make it all ready."

"No need of that," his father said. "Just fold up a sheet of paper and go ahead. Why waste money on an account book?"

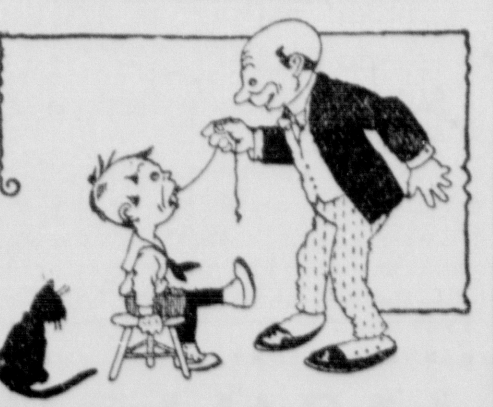
"But," Jack objected, "one of my chief ideas was to learn to keep my accounts, and if I had a nice book that would make me careful."

"You might practice by keeping the household accounts for your mother," Mr. Townsend suggested.

"Nobody can keep those straight," said Jack, contemptuously. "Why, she forgets what she had and doesn't know where she spent what she doesn't have. There's no good my doing that. I thought you'd like to have me learn how to be tidy and regular and saving, and all that! But if you don't care I'm sure I don't! And when I come to a spendthrift's grave—with not a cent to bury me—just because you wouldn't let me have fifteen or twenty cents to buy a measly little account book—why, don't blame me! That's all!"

We know many boys like Jack who have "jimdandy" ideas, but who never get to the point of carrying them out, because of the first little obstacle they meet is turned into an excuse for dodging the work.

How to Grow a Gold Tooth.



When you have an aching tooth That must be pulled, you know, To let another better tooth In its old place to grow,

If you will keep your tongue away From where the old tooth grew, The new tooth coming in, I'm sure, Will greatly surprise you.

For in that place untouched by tongue Will grow a tooth of gold; And will remain till end of life A good tooth, so I'm told.

And if you do not cry when from

The old tooth you do part, 'Tis said a diamond will be seen In the gold tooth's bright heart.

REWARD FOR OLD SERVANT.

Former Slave, After Long Service, Is Retired to Comfort.

William Henderson, colored, for forty years the faithful coachman of the John A. Morris family at Throggs Neck, can lean back on the cushions of his own carriage now and order his coachman to drive him along the shore of the Sound and up and down the hills of Westchester, the New York World says.

Such is the reward which comes when he and his wife are seventy and well enough to enjoy many a drive. Perhaps the reward, which, in addition to horses and carriage and coachman, includes a house and land and income for life, was hastened by Mrs. Morris' conclusion that the automobile is the proper carriage for the modern woman of fashion. She clung to horses for years after all her acquaintances had abandoned their landaus and victorias for touring cars, and when she drove out nobody could sit on the box and handle the reins but William Henderson.

Finally, Mrs. Morris was persuaded by her sons, Dave Hennen Morris, former president of the Auto Club of America, and Alfred Hennen Morris, that the horseless carriage is the thing. So just the other day she took her last ride behind her favorite bays and upon the return from that drive William Henderson was retired on his pension and the bays became his. The astonished negro—he wasn't really a happy one when he learned that it was the last drive of his mistress—was told that a fine cottage on the estate, with its stable and enough land to grow all his vegetables, were also his and his wife's; that the assistant coachman was to become his driver and that he was to have a gardener and a good income in cash. The papers transferring all this wealth and luxury to the aged negro had been drawn up before the last drive and his benefactress told him of it briefly as she stepped from the carriage.

Most of his friends didn't hear of his good fortune till last Sunday, when he had to confide it to them after the morning service in the Presbyterian church. He and his wife walked to the church, for Mrs. Morris attends it, and the retired coachman did not want to make his first appearance behind those bays just at that time and place.

Mrs. Morris was Cora Hennen of New Orleans and Henderson was born in the service of her family. The freeing of the slaves offered him nothing so attractive as staying with the same old family which his father and mother had served; so when Miss Hennen married John A. Morris and came north Henderson came with her. He is known all over Westchester county almost as well as the Morrises themselves. Several weeks ago he saved Mrs. Morris' life by stopping a pair of runaway and nearly lost his own life in doing it.

TOMMY ATKINS' UNIFORM.

New System to Be Adopted in Clothing the British Soldiers.

It will astonish most people to be told that the British government in addition to being a maker of laws is the greatest tailor in the world. The army clothing factory at Pimlico is the biggest tailor's shop in England, according to Tit-Bits. Last year Tommy Atkins' tailor's bill amounted to £355,375. During the Boer war the clothing of the army cost nearly £5,000,000.

Trousers are the most costly item in the soldier's wardrobe, and for their nether garments last year the nation had to pay no less a sum than £73,278. This recalls the fact that it is less than ninety years since the British army first put on its trousers—that the British infantry soldier, that is, first substituted trousers for the old-fashioned knee breeches.

The British soldier will be clothed on an entirely different system to what has prevailed for so many years, and the innovation will probably be a great deal more satisfactory to the rank and file. Every man will receive his free outfit on enlistment as heretofore, but he will be required to provide his personal clothing and necessities out of an allowance credited to him quarterly in advance. Instead of his present kit allowance of twopence a day after six months' service he will receive at the end of the first year a lump sum equivalent to the accumulated twopences, in addition to the separate clothing allowance.

The maintenance of kit and clothing will be a matter between the soldier and his commanding officer. It is intended that the present arbitrary periods of wear allotted to each garment shall be abolished. Under the old system a pair of trousers might be serviceable to-day and "time expired" to-morrow.

Even in the piping times of peace Tommy Atkins' tailor bill would make a millionaire poor in a year. Roughly speaking, it costs £1,000,000 every year to clothe the British army. The headgear of the troops, embracing everything from a simple cap to a bear-skin helmet, exhausts nearly £50,000, and boots, shoes and leggings, which are purchased ready made, cost nearly £250,000. The cost of a soldier's uniform varies from just over £10 10 shillings to less than £3, according to the regiment in which he may be serving. For instance, the annual tailor's bill for the rank and file in the life guards is just over £7, while in the infantry of the line it is under £3.

DEUDGERY OF MUSIC.

Long Hours of Practice by the World's Greatest Interpreters.

When an interviewer who had put to Kubelik a question as to the number of hours a day he practiced, was answered, "Practically all my waking hours," it is probable that the interrogator, as well as others who heard the reply, thought the response a bit of artistic exaggeration. Yet there is much evidence to sustain Kubelik's assertion.

Paganini, the greatest of all violinists, was compelled by an avaricious father to practice twelve or fourteen hours each day, says an exchange. So wearied did Paganini become of this drudgery that for several years he actually laid aside the instrument over which he had such consummate control, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. This period of musical disgust soon passed, however, and the violinist again turned to his hard work and to such good purpose that there was nothing written for the violin, no matter what its technical difficulties might be, that he was not able to play. Late in his life Paganini gave over his practicing, for the reason, it is said, that he then played only his own compositions.

A saying of Rubinstein's indicates concisely the importance of unwearied practice: "Should I not practice for a day, I know it; should I miss two days, my friends know it, and should I miss three days, even the public knows it."

Joachim, another violinist, during his student days was an inmate of the house of his master, and it was largely due to the inexorable demands to practice that the teacher laid on him that Joachim was enabled to attain his proud position. The room wherein the pupil practiced was without a window, but had a glass panel in the door. If the sound of Joachim's violin ceased for a moment during the hours set apart for practice, then could be seen the scowling face of the instructor peering through the panel. Joachim practiced one composition—the difficult Beethoven concerto—for over sixty years.

Mendelssohn has left an interesting observation touching his arduous hours of practice. Speaking of certain recitals he was giving on the organ, he said: "I became so interested in my work that whole days passed like hours. I practiced pedal passages to such an extent that the act of walking along the street actually transformed itself into a fugue, so automatic had my movements become."

With regard to his practicing, Paderewski entertains some odd notions, one of which is a penchant for a nocturnal running of the scales. The great Pole has been known to spend the whole night in achieving perfection in one or two runs of a composition he was studying.

Paderewski has said that the greatest foe a musician has to fight is the feeling of satiety that is sure to oppress him should his work be not well apportioned. Each season the Pole finds that he must acquire some twenty to thirty new compositions. So hard does he work at these that at the conclusion of his short tour he cannot endure to hear a single bar of any of them. Like many other musicians, he is saved from inaction only by the acquirement of novelties.

Put Into Practice.

Poor Pattison went into the chemist's shop for some plaster for his head. "I've always tried to bring up my children to think before they speak," he said, with a sigh, "but I am convinced it is a wrong principle."

"Surely not, sir," answered the chemist, sympathetically.

"Yes, sir," Pattison replied. "I've told my children always to count ten before they say anything. This morning I went out for a walk with my eldest boy. We were walking near some partially built houses when Tom called out, 'Oh, father!'"

"Now, steady, my boy," I said, seeing he was excited; "count ten."

"Did he obey you?"

"Yes, worse luck, he did, but before he had got to five the brick he had seen falling hit me on the head. Thank you. How much?"—London Mail.

Concerning Graft.

Where'er you look you're sure to find The man who takes a rake-off; Some way to profit strikes his mind, Whatever claim you stake off. The things men eat or drink or wear, Their palace roof or rafters, Have opportunities somewhere To gratify the grafter. In every branch of men's affairs, In art and even science, He prigs the patient toiler's wages In confident defiance. For he who dwells in idle pride And lives 'mid selfish laughter Must candidly be classified As something of a grafter. —Washington Star.

Salary Grabbing.

The bookkeeper timidly approached. "If you please," he said, "I would like a raise of pay."

"You, too!" fairly moaned the capitalist. "Say, do you want to sink to the moral level of a congressman? I won't be a party to your downfall."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Nearest Approach.

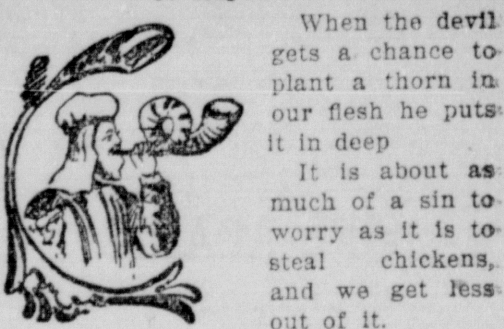
"Have you any decorations in America like the Victoria Cross, for example?"

"Er—er—well, I think perhaps the 'double cross' is our nearest approach to it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

We feel sorry for the wife of a man who takes a gloomy view of married life.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



Nothing that a child says should be treated with ridicule.

When a man has stopped learning, he is no longer fit to teach.

God has made every bird that flies a pledge that He will not forget His child.

We can not know anything else well unless we know a good deal about folks.

If we would walk with God we must learn to do it one step at a time.

Learn to read people as you do books, and you will find them more interesting.

The quickest way to take the weight out of a burden is to give it to the Lord.

There is more hope for a fool than there is for a man who isn't trying to get anywhere.

The greatest effort we can possibly make is the effort we make in the name of the Lord.

A woman can see clear through a man without an X-ray, even when he has on his overcoat.

Some people seem to think they have added a cubit to their stature every time they buy a dish of ice cream to help the church.

IDENTIFYING THE TWINS.

"Being twins" is an amusing, not to say a confusing, occupation. When twins are old enough to know each other—and themselves—apart, their guardians are saved a great deal of trouble. At an early age there is apt to be considerable confusion. A writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger tells the following tale of a benevolent old gentleman who stopped a nurse girl wheeling two similar-looking infants in a baby carriage:

"Ah! Twins?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl; "both boys."

"So?" said the old gentleman. "How do you tell them apart? Which is which?"

"This one," said the nurse, pointing.

"Is this, and that one is that."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "how very interesting! But," he added, indicating the second one, "might not this one be this also?"

"It might," said the girl, after a short pause. "Then, of course, that one would be that."

"Well, then," said the old gentleman, "how do you manage to separate them?"

"We seldom do, but when we want to we put one in one room and the other in another."

"Do you, indeed? Which one do you put in one room?"

"Sometimes this one and sometimes that."

"How do you know which one you're putting in which room?"

"We look and see which is in the other room, and then we know the other is in the which room."

"Very good," said the old gentleman, warming up to the problem, "but if one of them was in the house and the other was away somewhere, would you be able to tell which was in the house?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the girl, earnestly. "All we would have to do would be to look at him, and then we would know that the one we saw was the one in the house, and then, of course, the one away somewhere would be the other. There are only two of them, you see, which makes it very easy."

The benevolent gentleman then passed on.—Youth's Companion.

Those Hats They Wear.

No doubt you have noticed with anguish and sorrow

The things that the ladies now wear on their heads.

Alas! we never imagined they'd borrow Their models from wash tubs and tumble-down sheds.

Or choose for a pattern the complaining old scuttle,

That full to the brim many winters wove.

The rusty old scuttle, the battered old scuttle,

The old iron scuttle that stood by the stove.

Remote was the fear that the beauty and grace

Of a dish pan inverted would their fancy enthral.

Made still more entrancing by feathers and lace,

And a fowl and a ribbon to wave over all.

But they'll scarcely improve on the ramshackle scuttle,

Around which a web of bright fancy they weave.

When first it dawned on them, that banged-up old scuttle,

That bum old coal scuttle that stood by the stove.

—Otsego Journal.

If beauty is but skin deep the beauty doctors must practice a skin game.

You may be sure you are right,

Topic Times

Fifty thousand tons of soot are taken from London chimneys in a year. It is estimated to be worth \$40,000 and is used as a fertilizer, half a ton to an acre.

The rolling stock of the Russian railways suffers loss from the hands of thieves. To years ago 10,000 passenger and freight cars disappeared and were never found again.

The pine reaches a maximum age of seven hundred years; the silver fir, 425; the larch, 275; the red beech, 245; the aspen, 210; the birch, 200; the ash, 170; the elder, 145, and the elm, 130.

Alleluia or Hallelujah Victory was a victory by the Saxons under St. Germanus over the Picts and Britons. The Christians all shouted "Alleluia" and so terrified the heathen that they took to flight.

Normandy is the apple country of Europe. Germany is its best customer. The apples which could not be sold were turned into 73,000,000 gallons of cider, which is the favorite beverage of the inhabitants of northern France.

It was a musical man who gave his four daughters the following names: Do-re, Mi-fa, So-la, Ti-do. The first escaped with the nickname Dora, the second answered Miffy, the third owned up to Solly, while the youngest generally got Tiddy.

The girls of Wells college voted recently on the suffrage question. There are 170 girls in the college; of these only 80 voted, and of the 80, 59 voted against votes for women, 8 voted for them with certain property and educational qualifications and only 13 voted for them without qualifications.

It was 10:30 o'clock when a certain five-year-old got to bed the other night, very tired and sleepy. He undressed quickly and hopped into bed. "George," said his mother, sternly, "I'm surprised at you. You didn't say your prayers. Get right out of that bed and say them." "Aw, mamma," came from the tired youngster, "what's the use of wak' in the Lord up at this time of night to hear me pray?"

Miss Edie N. Chambers is the head of the girls' high school at Kassab, Turkey, which is said to have been destroyed by Moslems. According to Miss Chambers' last report the school year ended in 1907 was remarkably successful. Fifty girls attended the school, of whom fifteen were graduated. These graduates either took charge of lower schools in the Kassab district or continued their studies at Aintab seminary.

Goblets made of ice for use in hot weather originated in Holland, where they are widely used. This novelty has been introduced in the United States and is used at a number of soda fountains in the larger cities in the eastern states. After removal from the molds the goblet is placed in a sheath of parchment paper and kept in cold storage. Of course, it can be used but once and is then thrown away.—Soda Fountain Magazine.

Although he was mild in his speech and manner the old gentleman played golf well. But once when he made a fizzle he ejaculated vehemently the word "Assouan!" A few moments later, when he had made another bad play, he repeated: "Assouan!" The fourth time one of his friends said: "I certainly do not want to be inquisitive, but will you tell me why you say 'Assouan' so often?" "Well," said the old gentleman, "isn't that the biggest dam in the world?" He was a clergyman.

From Cleveland comes the wail of an old fashioned man who longs for the things that were. Desiring to get a bootjack, he visited six stores in his search, but at none of them was the article kept in stock. In half the places the spruce young clerks had never heard of such a thing and one bright youth of a later generation brought out a shoe horn in the confident belief that that was the thing desired. Not even in the souvenir shops could the object of search be discovered.

One professional man has devised an effective plan for handling persistent conversationalists. He has on his desk a small alarm clock. When a visitor of unpleasant propensities is announced this man picks up his clock, sets the alarm for three minutes ahead and receives the caller. Time goes by and then the clock does its duty. The busy man starts as he hears the sound, consults his watch and then rises with a hasty apology. "I'm mighty sorry we won't be able to discuss that longer," he says, "but I've an important engagement at this hour and simply must keep it."

More or less credence is still given to the old belief in the sympathy of the vegetable kingdom for human suffering. "I prayed all night," writes a gardener whose employer was very sick, "and the flowers on my window sill drooped and I said to myself they were dead. But toward morning they picked up and I was sure enough the master was better. And the same thing had happened to the flowers I had sent to his bedroom. They were dying, and they came to life again. And I knowed when those flowers picked up that the master was better."

CLOWN'S LIFE IS HARD.

Old-Time Jester Describes Trials and Exactions of His Profession. If you never have met a circus clown you should get permission to

go behind the scenes at the circus and obtain an introduction to one of the fellows whose antics amuse you so much from your comfortable seat.

"We're pretty much like anybody else, even if we do have to wear white faces and a rainbow suit," declared "Al" Miaco, the oldest clown in active service in the country. "Al" thus delivered himself as he stood behind the scenes near a contortionist who was trying himself in a bow-knot preparatory to going into the ring.

"For a clown there's no living on his past reputation. If he tries it, he'll find he's a sure enough clown, all right. All the invention in the world is not confined to Edison. A clown must be just as inventive as Edison ever was in his best form, and he's got to be inventive with a very uncertain force—the force of popular approval. Plenty of people think all a clown has to do is to go through some 'stunts' prepared by the management of the circus. That is far from the truth.

"A clown must be an originator. He must think out all his own 'stunts,' and he must be constantly on the qui vive for new ideas. A clown is worth a big salary only when he can invent original things for himself and other clowns to do. He is something more than a mere actor—he's a creator. You see, he's a Clyde Fitch and a John Drew in one. He thinks out a bit of play and then goes and does it.

"Yes, sir, he has his first night just like any other artist. I tell you, lots of times I'll come into the ring with a new bit of stuff to spring and I feel pretty nervous—like an American prima donna trying it on an European audience, you know. And, say, it don't take me more'n four minutes and a half to tell whether my new idea's a live one or belongs to the graveyard. Popular approval doesn't take long to tell you it's there. And usually one trial is enough. Audiences are almost all alike, and what will please one audience will please 'em all.

"If you once get a good 'stunt' you can go on with it for quite a while, but then you've got to dig up another one. The test of a clown's greatness is his ability to be a good digger. The fellow that always has a new idea to take the place of the last one that once was new and now is old is the man that gets the big salary.

"It's no cinch to be a good clown and every clown can't be a clown. Lots of men break into the business for a little while and don't last. Sometimes they haven't the talent and sometimes

they can't stand the life. The city men in particular don't like to play in two feet of mud in some of the little country towns we visit. But old, one-ring men like myself don't mind. A couple of feet of mud is like old times, and reminds us of our youth, when we were in the most gigantic show on earth—consisting of one elephant, one clown and three cart horses.

"I've been a clown for 25 years. It's not so easy to make people laugh as it was once. All I had to do in the old-time one-ring circus was to get into the ring and look around. Everyone laughed. Then a little line of talk—awful thin talk, too—was good for 20 minutes any time. But those days are gone. Now it is a question of being 'Johnny-on-the-spot' with new ideas every new moon. This being an artist is all right, of course, but sometimes I think I'd rather be a plain, old-fashioned clown."

BAGGAGE IN FRANCE.

Tale of a Little Fat Woman Who Paid Excess Freight on Herself.

Anybody could see that the little fat lady was in a hurry. The Nord express was waiting outside and they had told her she must get to the station early in order to have her trunk weighed. She had a trunk, a modest yellow trunk, one of those fiber affairs they sell you with the tale that it is so light you will save a lot of money in baggage charges. But the porter who brought it made as much fuss over it as if it had been full of bricks, says Samuel G. Blythe in Everybody's.

That was acting, and the fat little lady paid no attention to it. "Put it there," she ordered, pointing to the scale, where an amiable brigand was waiting, flanked by a boy with the labels and a paste pot, and surrounded by admiring constituents, who expressed great astonishment at the expert way he read the figures on the indicator.

The little fat lady was in a hurry, but she did not intend to be cheated, so she stepped close to the amiable brigand and peered at the scale. The amiable brigand weighed her in with the trunk, and gave her the slip, indicating, with a fine, expressive wave of his hand, the window to which she was to take it. The boy pasted the green label on, another porter seized the trunk and took it away and the little fat lady pushed her slip through the window, where a distinguished old man peered at it for a minute and wrote on it "Sixty-six francs."

"What," gasped the fat little lady, "Sixty-six francs, madame?" She wrinkled her forehead into many corrugations and figured it out. "Why, you old scoundrel," she piped, "that is \$13.20."

"Sixty-six francs, madame," insisted the man behind the window. "For one little, tiny bit of a trunk! It's some mistake. I will not be robbed in this fashion. Weigh it again."

The trunk was gone. The fat little lady appealed wildly to everybody in sight, but from behind the window came monotonously: "Sixty-six francs."

A good pocket rule—Keep your hands out of other people's.

RELIGIOUS

The Years of the Canker-Worm.

Among the four Drummond girls Lois was not the least attractive, but the others married, and Lois remained at home. There was need that some one should remain there, and such duties fell naturally to Lois. She blossomed later than her sisters, having been a tall, awkward girl, with large hands and feet, of which she was painfully conscious. Shyness and the habit of contrasting herself with her sisters came upon her, and although the others never consciously crowded her into the background, they came to the front one by one, and she was left to perform the commonplace duties of life.

That she always did her duties uncomplainingly or saw the years going by without sadness is too much to declare; but she was a good and faithful daughter, and her mother and father constantly declared that they did not know how they could have got on without her. But all the time the years were slipping by, and the dreams of a girl for her own life were dissolving into thin air, and revealing in their stead only monotonous and commonplace realities.

At last Lois was free, and able to look back upon duties faithfully performed. She had held the hand of father and mother till God took them both, and their last words were words of grateful love to a faithful daughter.

Then she took stock of her prospects, and settled back to disappointment and sorrow. Her occupation was gone, and she had fitted herself for no other. Her youth had passed, her companions had married, and many of them had removed, and she was left alone, necessary to no one.

One day, when she was reading her Bible, she chanced upon the minor prophets, about whom she had had little occasion to inquire, and her eye lighted on the words of Joel: "And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the canker-worm and the caterpillar and the palmer-worm."

She wondered what it meant. Not even God can restore lost time, she bitterly reflected, and how could there come back to her the freshness and opportunity of youth? Yet the verse stayed by her. She thought again and again of the years that had been lost to progress through the doing of simple duty; and she asked God to reveal the meaning of those years.

She found the answer in a new peace within her spirit. The years had not been wasted. They had taught her patience, self-control, ability to assume responsibilities. They had been good in themselves, and they must needs be good as a preparation for some future that God had before her. She took up work in the church and for the poor. She lived happily in service, for she had learned to serve.

And now, behold! a wonder came to light. With the return of cheerfulness and readiness for service came a new joy, that shone from her face and caused the years to sit lightly there. The tall, ungainly girl had grown into a queenly woman, with self-possession, dignity, and the charm of kindness radiant in her face. It became no uncommon thing for men to say, "What a handsome woman Lois Drummond is!" and women saw in her in her full-blown charms the perfection of womanly graces. And one day love came her way, and all the years that had gone found their meaning in preparation for the sweet and solemn responsibilities of a home.

Seldom does a bride go forth with more good wishes than were showered upon her; and as she looked at her face in the mirror on the eve of her marriage, she remembered the words of the prophet, and smiled a happy and thankful smile. The years of humble duty had not been lost to her, but had added their charm to her womanhood.—Youth's Companion.

Character of a Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught;
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth love and early pray;
More of His grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend—

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.
—Sir Henry Wotton.

Restoration for the Soul.

There is only one kind of cure for sin-sickness, and that is right living. We must come to the Great Physician first, and, placing ourselves wholly in His care, accept all that He has to offer. But after that we must do something about it. If we have given ourselves to the Savior, and

wonder why we are so feeble and unthrifty in our spiritual life, we shall find the trouble in our failure to be living in fullest accord with all that He would have us do. We must be right, if we would get well. For "the law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul."

The Mountain Top.

Our Lord sought the mountain-top with a few chosen friends for quiet prayer and uplifting thought, and they saw Him transformed before them, so that even His poor garment shone in the transfiguring radiance. Out of the withdrawals into the region of pure air, out of those prayers spoken with only God as listener, came the transformations which glorify our human lives and our humble work. To get up above the level of every day, to get apart from the multitude of cares that disturb and distract, is the secret of finding light and peace.

Reliance on God.

The whole walk of faith through life is the simple but sublime reliance upon an Almighty arm that is never seen, but always felt. This accounts for the fact that the word "trust" is the keyword of the Old Testament theology, and the word "believe" is the keyword in the New Testament. Both mean substantially the same thing. And when our heavenly Father saith, "Cast thy burden upon Me," and our loving Redeemer saith, "Cast the load of thy sins upon Me," They expect us to take them at their word.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

He was standing in front of the hotel, smoking a long, fat cigar, with a gold fash about his corpulent waist. The creases in his trousers were new and pronounced, his shoes were freshly blacked, and all about him proclaimed a man who had finished his work for the day, eaten a good dinner and was now in the frame of mind to regard the world as a good place to play in.

A rather shabby looking young fellow, with a stubby beard and a hat that may have cost ninety-five cents several seasons ago, glanced at the comfortable looking man, passed on a step or two, hesitated, and went back.

"I beg your pardon, mister," he began, "but—"

"Ah!" the other interrupted. "What is it this time? I suppose you would like to have a little assistance toward buying a ticket to the course of lectures on 'Creeds that have moved the world,' in order—"

"No, excuse me, mister—"

"No? Then it must be that you want the price of admission to the address before the Mycological Center on the 'Edible Mushrooms of the Middle West,' so that when you order mushrooms—"

"Say, mister—"

"What, wrong again? You don't mean to tell me that you have just buried your father and mother and that your youngest child is—"

"No, I just wanted—"

Oh, now I have it! You have walked all the way from Pittsburg to get a job at—"

"You needn't think—"

"I don't—after office hours. I can't afford to. But is it possible that I am mistaken again? It cannot be that you want a nickel to buy a drink? That you would accept anything so sordid as money?"

The young fellow had his chance at last. With a grim glint in his eye he took it.

"I don't want anything," he said, "only if I could make chin-music as fast and easy as you do, I'd have my clothes made to order by a good tailor. There's a tag on the back of your coat that says '40 stout. Price: \$15.' I thought maybe you didn't know it."

—Youth's Companion.

Actress Changed Her Occupation.

One actress who has found herself in other lines than those of the stage is Miss Elsie De Wolfe, who, after 10 years behind the footlights, has become a decorator and art connoisseur. She designed all the fittings for the fashionable Colony Club, of New York, and supplied the materials. She finds more pleasure in purchasing in Paris and other parts of Europe hangings and bric-a-brac for wealthy Americans than in portraying the American girl on the stage. She declares that besides the greater amount of pleasure she gets out of her present occupation there is more money in it than in the stage.

Art.

Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.—Sir Thomas Browne.

It Was His Fun.

Small Harold was crying when his aunt said: "Don't cry, Harold; it doesn't help matters." "W-what do you e-care," sobbed the little fellow, "so-so long as I'm enjoyin' my-myself?"

FISH AS FOOD.

A Popular Fallacy Is That It Increases Brain Power.

One popular fallacy in connection with fish may be noticed—namely, the oft-repeated assertion that the eating of that particular food increases brain power. No one who has studied the subject can possibly believe the assertion.

A man might eat a huge portion of fish every day of his life and on the day of his death, if the quantity of phosphorus (the brain invigorator) consumed were to become visible, it would not amount to more than might probably suffice to tip a couple of Lucifer matches.

Communities have existed that lived almost solely on fish, but these ichthyophagists were certainly not famous for intellectual attainments. Nor are our fisher villages, in many of which much fish is presumably consumed, the seats of any great amount of brain power. None of our fisher folks are remarkable for genius, or even for what is called common sense, their views of life and its responsibilities being shrouded in a haze of superstition which they lack sufficient strength of mind to see through.

No fishing community, so far as is known to the writer, has given to the world a great man. Men of mark—poets, preachers, lawyers, warriors, philosophers and physicians have emanated from all classes except the fishing class.

Upon one occasion, when some friends were praising fish to Douglas Jerrold as the finest possible food for intellectual people, "Yes," said the wit; "I have been a guest within these few weeks at 13 white-bait dinners and see here (showing a packet of manuscript), that has just been rejected by a friendly editor, who says it is not up to my mark. What do you say to that?"

It is supposed that the idea originated from the phosphorescent light emitted from decayed fish. But this light is more in the nature of foxfire, and does not necessarily indicate the presence of phosphorus and, even if it did, the brain could not be enriched by its consumption.

HE, TOO, LOOKED.

Every little while Mr. Vernon expounds to his wife the frivolity and light-headedness of her sex. He is occasionally encouraged to do this by the lady herself, who, being of a generous disposition, is willing for the time to yield to the other half that position of superiority it so naturally assumes. One day Mr. Vernon began again on his favorite subject.

"You women are just like a pack of sheep," he remarked. "If one of you goes to look at anything, the rest are sure to follow. I believe that you could be led anywhere."

"Do you?" said his wife, with interest.

"Yes, ma'am, I do, indeed!" replied her husband, emphatically. "I can give you an illustration of it, too. This afternoon I was down-town, and noticed a crowd—all women—about a store window. Every woman that came along had to go up and see what there was. There were so many of them that you could hardly tell what they were looking at."

"What were they looking at?" said his wife.

"There you go!" remarked her husband. "Just as curious as the rest of them! Well, there was nothing there but some false hair and some vells."

"How do you know?"

"Because I looked."

"But I thought you said there was such a crowd it was almost impossible to get through."

"I did say so, but I finally managed to work my way up near enough to find out what it was they were staring at. Women are certainly curious creatures."

"Yes, I suppose they are," said Mrs. Vernon. "It's funny, too, how hard some men will work just to discover what a few other people are looking at."

But Mr. Vernon was busy with his paper.—Youth's Companion.

No Change of Faith.

Mr. Kirke had been setting forth some of his cheerful views of life, and the summer boarder was much pleased. "You are a real optimist!" she said, joyfully.

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Kirke, with reproachful decision. "If I've give you any reason to think I'm going back on the Methodist church that I was raised and brought up in, I'm sorry; you've mistook my talk. I haven't any quarrel with folks that find these new sects helpful, but the old ones are good enough for me."

Egyptian Beggars.

According to Richard Croker it is American money which seems to be keeping Egypt going. "Two-thirds of the visitors," says Mr. Croker, "I met all around came from America, and they represented all parts of the States. They provide the people with a living not only in the hotels, but in the streets. I never saw such people for begging. As soon as an Egyptian child is born it seems to ask for back-sheesh, and Egyptians are looking for money all the time."

Up-to-Date Dentistry.

A simple remedy for toothache is to pull the sufferer away from the tooth.—Atlanta Georgian.

After a man gets one bite he wants the rest of the apple.

"FRENCH LADIES' SHOES."

Shoemaking, according to the charming "Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens" in the Century Magazine, was a family trade among his father's people; and it was in a shoe shop in Dublin that his mother, who bound slippers, met and married the gay young Gascon shoemaker, Bernard Paul Ernest Saint-Gaudens, who later brought her to America and set up for himself.

"His sign, 'French Ladies' Boots and Shoes,'" declares his sculptor son, appreciatively, "must have been irresistible when taken together with the wonderfully complex mixture of his fierce French accent and his Irish brogue. This bewildering language was just as bad at the end of fifty years as when he landed."

He had, too, a whimsical way of freely using fantastic proverbs, real or improvised—"As much use as a mustard plaster on a wooden leg"; "As handy with his hands as a pig with his tail"; "What you are saying and nothing at all is the same thing"—and mixing these with quotations from favorite classic authors of Greece and France.

Dealings with a shoemaker such as this were quite above the plain prose of common business, and the elder Saint-Gaudens had distinguished customers, whom he retained despite exasperating misfits—misfits not through incompetence, but through conviction.

Moccasins, sandals and common-sense lasts were then undreamed of for civilized feet, but he believed, in advance of his time, in allowing ample room to the toes. Unfortunately he also believed in compressing the foot just behind them, thus forcing them—as the fingers may be forced by squeezing the hand hard below the knuckles—to spread out fanwise. This theory he "carried out with the greatest insistence in the face of the protests and tortures of his customers."

One of the most faithful of these was Horace Greeley, who "delighted to wrangle with this argumentative shoemaker upon the philosophy of footwear" when ordering shoes for his two beautiful little girls, Ida and Gabrielle, whose attire throughout their childhood was, in accordance with their parents' theories, more hygienic than picturesque. In young ladyhood they became notably elegant, and an old family friend who attended Ida's wedding—and who remembered her one-time curious frocks and shoes of combined Greeley-Saint-Gaudens design—noted with amused pleasure how the fair bride stood, in her foolish little high-heeled slippers, at the head of a flight of stairs, down which the prodigiously long train of her fashionable wedding dress overflowed to the very bottom.

OVEREXERTION AND EXERCISE.

One of the Effects of the Marathon Craze—Undue Strain on Heart.

Since the Marathon run last summer was won by an American such tests of endurance have been enthusiastically pursued by the youth of kindred nations, the Youth's Companion says. Americans intend to keep this country at the front in future Olympic games. Englishmen are preparing to take away that distinction—training so ardently as to give cause for warnings which their cousins will do well to heed.

The Marathon distance is about twenty-six miles. At the Olympic it is covered by young men who are supposed to be strong, sound, experienced and directed by experts, who know how to place each stride and get the most out of every muscle. Even so, a Marathon is not a pleasing spectacle. It indicates that the contestants have undergone a strain from which they will not soon, if ever, recover.

Medical authorities are agreed that this is the fact. Many go further and declare that just as it harms men to run a long distance, so does it injure growing boys to run a shorter distance if the strain of competition is added. Five of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in England have united in a statement that "school and cross-country races exceeding one mile are wholly unsuitable for boys under 19, as the continued strain involved is apt to cause a permanent injury to the heart and other organs."

Some will think that this shows excess of caution. Perhaps it does. At any rate, it shows unselfishness, for the doctors are trying to forestall conditions that in later years they would be called upon to treat. If they are willing to make that sacrifice for what they conceive to be the general good, surely any youth can afford for his own good to give up the hope of a momentary fame.

The Marathon craze has served one useful purpose, however, in that it has led to a thorough re-examination of large and important questions. So far in Great Britain the conservatives seem to have triumphed. Even the setting-up drill of the British army has of late been revised with a view to eliminate all movements that put undue strain upon the heart. No one can go far wrong if he follows that precedent.

Exercise is necessary and wholesome. Excessive exercise, the over-exertion that leads to collapse or invites accident or brings on fatigue which is not soon dispelled is always harmful—if not to-day, to-morrow.

The woman who is afflicted with the butt-in habit usually has a long nose, a long tongue and says but little when she talks.



INVITING Dyspepsia

Nothing is surer to bring on Dyspepsia and all kinds of Stomach Troubles, than late suppers, rich food, irregular meals, etc. Nothing is better for relieving these disorders than

Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills

This standard medicine can be used as a laxative, purgative or cathartic with excellent results. It is also an effective remedy for Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Gout, and affections of the Bladder and Kidneys.

Sold by all druggists; two sizes, 25c and 10c.
Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is a gentle and effective tonic for all the family.

B. & O. S.-W.

SEA SHORE EXCURSION —TO— ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

On Thursday, Aug. 12th, Tickets will be sold to Atlantic City, N. J., at the rate of \$17.00 for the round trip. Good on all trains on above date and good to return to and including Thursday August 26th, 1909.

SPECIAL EXCURSION TO NIAGARA FALLS,

Saturday, August 14th, 1909, Tickets will be sold on the above date for trains No. 12 and No. 4, at a rate of \$8.00 for the round trip, leaving Seymour at 4:40 a. m. and 9:08 a. m. Tickets good for returning within 12 days. Passengers have choice of routes between Detroit and Buffalo, via rail or water.

For further information see small hand bills or call at B. & O. ticket office.
C. C. FREY, Agent.
W. P. TOWNSEND, D. P. A.
Vincennes, Ind.

Did You Ever Know

that Chinese children play "Blind Man's Buff" and lots of other games, just like our own American "kiddies"?

And that there are some bacteria so good for us that they're called "indispensable"? See the

AUGUST EVERYBODY'S

For Sale by
FRANK H. GATES and
MILLER'S Book Store

THE REPUBLICAN

JAY C. SMITH, Editor and Publisher

EDW. A. REMY, Editor

Entered at the Seymour, Indiana Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

DAILY

One Year.....\$5.00
Six Months.....2.50
Three Months.....1.25
One Month......45
One Week......10

WEEKLY

One Year in Advance.....\$1.00

THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1909

THE people know that President Taft meant what he said when he declared that the tariff should be revised downward.

THE city has been short one policeman for three weeks and nothing serious has happened. This brief experience has convinced a good many people that the vacancy, if there is a vacancy, need not be filled.

MOVEMENT MADE TO ENJOIN STRIKERS

Tin Plate Company Seeks Federal Injunction.

Elwood, Ind., July 22.—Judge F. E. Baker of the Seventh United States judicial circuit, on application of the American Sheet and Tin Plate company, has issued a temporary restraining order against the strikers here to prevent them from interfering with the operations of the company in any way. A hearing on the injunction proceedings is set for next Monday at Goshen. The petition presented to Judge Baker by E. R. Call, attorney for the company, sets forth that the instrument is against the officials and members of the two organizations. It is explained, however, that the injunction is not against the members of the labor organizations who have conducted themselves in an orderly manner, but against the hotheads who could not be controlled by their superiors or by the police officials of the city or county.

It is charged that this "rabble" had grown so bold that the hotheads had begun making threats against the company's property, intimidating employees, and greatly handicapping the company in carrying on its business. When news of the injunction became known the pickets deserted their posts and the headquarters of the labor bodies became empty.

The President's Speech.

The president of the Hewitt Bros. Soap Company, Dayton, Ohio, says: "Buy two cakes of Easy Task soap for ten cents; use one bar and if it isn't just what we say it is, you get your dime back in a jiffy." It is a strong claim to say that Easy Task soap cuts the work of washday in half, but the fact can be proven by the evidence of thousands of delighted women.

Beach Resort's Heavy Loss.

Long Branch, N. J., July 22.—Two hotels and seven business houses were destroyed by a fire that swept a block of Brighton avenue between Second and Sairs avenues, causing \$100,000 damage.

Boy Drowned in Gravel Pit.

Lebanon, Ind., July 22.—Cleo Walton, aged eleven, was drowned in the Partner gravel pit, just west of Lebanon.

Every Woman Will Be Interested.

If you will send your name and address we will mail you FREE a package of Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN-LEAF, a certain, pleasant herb cure for Women's Ills. It is a reliable regulator and never-failing. If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, use this pleasant union of aromatic herbs, roots and leaves. All Druggists sell it, 50 cents, or address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

TO SAVE SELF GAVE SPOUSE UP

How Police Got Alleged Mishawaka Fagan.

FIRST ARRESTED THE WIFE

When Told That Charges Against

Her Would Probably Be Dismissed if

She Revealed Whereabouts of Missing

Husband, Mrs. Louis Carter

"Came Through" With the Desired

Information and Alleged Instructor

of Mishawaka Boy Burglars Is Now

in Jail.

Mishawaka, Ind., July 22.—Louis Carter, alleged instructor of Mishawaka's gang of boy burglars and firebugs, was arrested in Chicago. Chief of Police B. F. Jarrett has returned to Mishawaka with the prisoner.

The arrest of Carter is due to the arrest of Mrs. Carter. After questioning the woman with no result a warrant was sworn out for her arrest, charging her with receiving stolen goods. Mrs. Carter was made to understand that if she would confess the whereabouts of Carter the case against her would probably be dismissed. Complying with this request she gave up a letter she had just received from her husband.

SERIOUS GUN FIGHT

Two Shot Following Altercation in an Amusement Resort.

Vincennes, Ind., July 22.—As the result of a shooting which occurred in Lakewood Amusement park last evening, Clifton C. Gosnell, Jr., twenty-two years old, and Alva R. Pickell, twenty-four, lie at the point of death in the Good Samaritan hospital, and Charles Humphreys, aged twenty-eight, is held in the county jail to await the outcome of Pickell's injuries. Walter Meyer, a stock dealer of Monroe City, this county, is also under arrest and will be held as a witness to the shooting.

According to the story of witnesses, Pickell, Meyer and Misses Fern Hawkins and Ida Smith came from Monroe City and after securing a few bottles of beer, went to the park. Gosnell is assistant manager of the park and informed the party that drinking was not permitted on the grounds and that it would not be tolerated.

Pickell is alleged to have made an angry remark, whereupon Gosnell is alleged to have seized him by the throat. While being held, Pickell drew a revolver, placed it to Gosnell's stomach and fired. Pickell started to run, but had not gone far before Charles Humphreys, an employee of the park, was in pursuit. The latter fired four shots, three of which took effect. The most serious of the wounds is one in the side. All persons who participated in the affair are prominent.

Three Held For Murder.

Watsela, Ill., July 22.—The special grand jury called to investigate the murder of John B. Saylor at Crescent City, indicted Dr. William Miller, Mrs. J. B. Saylor and John Grunden on a charge of murder. Ira Grunden was indicted as an accessory after the fact.

Atlanta, Ga., July 22.—The bravery of Sheriff McKinney and three lone deputies, who with drawn revolvers faced a mob of a thousand angry men at Vinnings, Ga., saved the life of a negro charged with criminal assault. Leveling their revolvers upon the mob leaders, they drove out of danger and rushed the negro to Atlanta, where he was placed in the tower prison for safe-keeping.

THE NATIONAL GAME

NATIONAL LEAGUE

At New York— R.H.E.
St. Louis... 0 1 3 0 0 0 2 1 0—7 14 4
New York... 4 1 2 2 1 0 1 0 *—11 13 1
Batteries—Bebe, Mener, Phelps, Bliss; Marquard, Raymond, Schiel.
At Boston— R.H.E.
Cincinnati... 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0—2 10 4
Boston... 0 0 0 5 1 0 1 0 *—7 6 2
Batteries—Campbell, Dubuc, Castleton, McLean, Roth; Richie, Graham.
At Philadelphia— R.H.E.
Pittsburg... 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1 5 2
Philadelphia... 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 *—2 7 0
Batteries—Willis, Brandon, Gibson; Moore and Doolin.
At Brooklyn— R.H.E.
Chicago... 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0—3 6 2
Brooklyn... 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0—2 10 5
Batteries—Overall, Brown, Archer; McIntyre, Bergen.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

At Detroit— R.H.E.
Detroit... 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 *—2 10 2
New York... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—5 2
Batteries—Hughes, Kleinow; Summers, Schmidt.
At Cleveland— R.H.E.
Cleveland... 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 *—4 7 0
Boston... 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—2 7 0
Batteries—Ryan, Pape, Donahue; Bergen, Clarke.
At Chicago— R.H.E.
Washington... 0 0 2 0 0 1 0 0 0—3 6 0
Chicago... 2 0 3 0 0 0 1 0 *—6 12 1
Batteries—Johnson, Street; Burns, Owens.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

At Indianapolis— R.H.E.
St. Paul... 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 3 0—6 11 1
Indianapolis... 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1—1 9 5
Batteries—Karger, Yeager; Cheney, Howley, Stone.
At Columbus— R.H.E.
Kansas City... 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0—2 5 4
Columbus... 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 *—4 6 3
Batteries—Essick, Sullivan; Geyer, Schreck.
At Toledo— R.H.E.
Minneapolis... 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0—2 7 4
Toledo... 0 0 3 0 0 5 0 0 0 *—8 10 1
Batteries—Wilson, Rapp; Robinson, Abbott.
At Louisville— R.H.E.
Milwaukee... 0 1 2 0 0 1 5 0 0—9 9 0
Louisville... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 6 5
Batteries—McGlynn, Wacker, Moran; Halla, Puttmann, Peltz.

Second Game—

R.H.E.
Louisville... 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—2 6 3
Milwaukee... 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0—3 10 2
Batteries—McGlynn, Moran; Selby, Hughes.

Washington, July 22.—A party of twenty-five senators and members of the house of representatives is preparing to visit Hawaii.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Prevailing Current Prices For Grain and Livestock.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock.
Wheat—Wagon, \$1.19½; No. 2 red, \$1.11. Corn—No. 2, 72½c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 48c. Hay—Clover, \$10.00 @ 11.00; timothy, \$14.00 @ 16.00; mixed, \$15.00 @ 16.00. Cattle—\$4.50 @ 7.00. Hogs—\$4.50 @ 8.35. Sheep—\$4.00 @ 4.25. Lambs—\$5.50 @ 7.50. Receipts—6,500 hogs; 2,350 cattle; 500 sheep. Small supply of horses; with little demand bidding was spiritless.

At Cincinnati.
Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.25. Corn—No. 2, 72½c. Oats—No. 2, 54c. Cattle—\$2.25 @ 6.25. Hogs—\$4.25 @ 8.35. Sheep—\$2.25 @ 4.50. Lambs—\$5.00 @ 8.75.

At Chicago.
Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.20. Corn—No. 2, 74c. Oats—No. 2, 45½c. Cattle—Steers, \$5.00 @ 7.65; stockers and feeders, \$4.00 @ 5.15. Hogs—\$5.75 @ 8.35. Sheep—\$4.00 @ 5.40. Lambs—\$5.00 @ 8.25.

Livestock at New York.
Cattle—\$3.50 @ 6.70. Hogs—\$5.00 @ 8.50. Sheep—\$3.00 @ 5.00. Lambs—\$5.75 @ 7.75.

At East Buffalo.
Cattle—\$3.50 @ 6.70. Hogs—\$5.00 @ 8.50. Sheep—\$3.00 @ 5.75. Lambs—\$5.75 @ 8.00.

Wheat at Toledo.
Sept., \$1.11½; Dec., \$1.11½; cash, \$1.17.

Facts for Weak Women

Nine-tenths of all the sickness of women is due to some derangement or disease of the organs distinctly feminine. Such sickness can be cured—is cured every day by

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

It Makes Weak Women Strong,
Sick Women Well.

It acts directly on the organs affected and is at the same time a general restorative tonic for the whole system. It cures female complaint right in the privacy of home. It makes unnecessary the disagreeable questioning, examinations and local treatment so universally insisted upon by doctors, and so abhorrent to every modest woman.

We shall not particularize here as to the symptoms of those peculiar affections incident to women, but those wanting full information as to their symptoms and means of positive cure are referred to the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser—1008 pages, newly revised and up-to-date Edition, sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only; or, in cloth binding for 31 stamps.

Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



The Topics of the Day

The Revision of the Tariff in Washington and the Revision of the Prices at the Loom End Sale All of This Week at Gold Mine

We are as determined as ever to stick to our motto of cleaning house every season and have revised the price on many and many an article in the store, and practically every department in the store will assist in our determination to clear summer goods. We have plenty of Loom Ends on hand, also an accumulation of several short lots and odd things that are bound to occur during a week's selling like last. Here are a few revised prices. Don't miss the opportunity.

50c Lawn Shirt Waists 29c.	Calicoes, better assortment, larger pieces, 1c, 2½c, 3½c.
Lawn Kimonas, all sizes, 10c.	Fast Color Lawns, 2½c.
Black Petticoats, 48c.	36 inch Percales, 5c.
\$1.50 Shirt Waists, 79c	36 inch White Curtain, Swiss, 12½ value, 5c.
Ladies' Tailored Coat Suits divided into 4 lots, \$5.00, 7.95, 10.00, 12.95, worth more than double.	25c men's Wash Four-in-hand Ties, 10c.
\$10.00 rain coats at \$5.00.	\$10.00 Voile and Panama Skirts at \$5.00.

Loom end prices continue on Silks, Wash Goods of all kinds, Embroideries, Laces, Neckwear, Belts and Notions.

Special prices will prevail on second floor in China and Bric-a-brac.

We are determined to clean up our Trimmed Hats and we will do it at the prices asked.

The GOLD MINE DEPARTMENT STORE

F. Lett, M. D. C. H. Lett, M. D. C.

LETT & LETT, Veterinarians.

OFFICE: 111 West Third Street, SEYMOUR, IND.
PHONES: Office 644, Residence 643.

Seymour
Dry Goods
Company

July Clearance Sale

Seymour
Dry Goods
Company

Have you attended the big summer Clearance Sale? This is the second week of our great bargain giving event, which will last the entire month of July. It's up to you to take advantage of these savings we offer. Each department offers some rare bargains in seasonable and dependable merchandise. There are three prime essentials which make for economy and thrift—knowing what to buy, when to buy and WHERE TO BUY. Read this partial list of items as we do not have space to mention all, you will find many more. Shrewd economical shoppers have made deep inroads into some of the rare bargains, so don't delay but come at once.

Our entire stock of Dress Goods and Silks at ¼ or 25 per cent. off the former price. White Goods and Colored Lawns, 2½c, 5c and 7½c per yard. Dress Gingham, Cotton Suitings, Percales and Madras Cloths. Swiss and Madras Draperies at sale prices. Men's Women's and Children's Hosiery at ¼ and ½ less than regular price. Ladies' and Misses' Muslin Underwear at 20 per cent. discount. Domestic Bargains. Standard Calico 4½c. Standard Apron Gingham 5c. All Linen Toweling 5½c, Bleached at 7½c. Silkline, sale price 7½c per yard. Notions and Dress Accessories at sale prices. Val. Laces, sale prices 2c, 5c, and 7c per yard. Embroidery Flouncing and All-over Laces at 33⅓ per cent. off former price. Silk Elastic Belts, sale prices 29c and 17c. Dutch Collars with Jabot 10c.

July Sale Prices on our entire line of Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Lace Curtains and Portiers. July Sale Prices on Ladies' Tailored Suits, Wash Suits, Skirts and Shirt Waists. Come early and make selection for every day's delay means loss of opportunity.

SEYMOUR DRY GOODS CO.

SUCCESSORS TO L. F. MILLER & CO.

Wash Suits

We have a large line of Children's Wash Suits in White, Tan, Blue, Gray, Fancy Stripes in Blouse or Buster Brown Styles

11 Styles at - - 50c
8 Styles at - \$1.00
6 Styles at - \$1.50

Ages 2½ to 8 years. The most satisfactory garment for children at this season.

The HUB

A COOL HEAD

Makes a comfortable body. Use Wano's Soapless Shampoo for the scalp. It cleanses, soothes and keeps the head right. Price, ten cents.

Sea Salt for the bath, talcum as a cooling rub, and a dash of refreshing perfume, and who couldn't enjoy the summer weather. All these and other seasonable necessities at

COX'S PHARMACY
Phone 100. Use It.

H. F. BROWN, M. D. C.

Has opened an office for the practice of Veterinary Medicine and Surgery at the farm of J. B. Love, three miles south of town, on Dudleytown road. Solicits a share of your patronage. Call Old Phone F 3 rings on Dudleytown line. New Phone 226. j26

ANNA E. CARTER

NOTARY PUBLIC

Office at the Daily REPUBLICAN office, 108 West Second Street. SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

SUDIE MILLS MATLOCK

Piano Teacher.

Res. Studio: 521 N. Chestnut St. SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

LEWIS & SWAILS

LAWYERS

SEYMOUR, INDIANA

Ladies and Gentlemen

Take your old clothes to THE SEYMOUR TAILORS And have them put in first class wearing condition. NORTH CHESTNUT STREET Next door north of New Pearl Laundry

Faultless Pressing, Spotless Cleaning.
Work Called For, Also Delivered.
Phone 383.

Weithoff-Kernan

CALL UP 37

For any work in cleaning, repairing or pressing of ladies' and gents' garments. Will call for and deliver.

SCIARRA BROS.

TAILORS BY TRADE

4 S. Chestnut St., Seymour, Indiana

Fine Tailoring

You can't find a spot on our French dry cleaned work. Cleaning, dyeing and repairing ladies' and gents' garments. Give us a trial. Next to traction station. Phone 468.
D. DiMatteo

"Will Go on Your Bond"

INSURANCE

Clark B. Davis

LOANS NOTARY

PERSONAL.

O. D. Rogers was here from Shoals Wednesday evening.

Sim Watkins made a business trip to Mitchell this morning.

C. J. Attkisson transacted business at Brownstown today.

Rudolph Buhner was a passenger to Indianapolis this morning.

V. V. Graves was here from Columbus Wednesday afternoon.

Meade Pearson was here from Indianapolis Wednesday evening.

James Keach, of Brownstown, went to Indianapolis this forenoon.

Hiram McConnell was here from Logansport Wednesday evening.

George Owens, of Medora, made a business trip to Newcastle today.

Dr. Ray, of Medora, was a passenger to Indianapolis this morning.

Dr. Harper, of Reddington transacted business here this morning.

E. M. Young made a business trip to Brownstown and Medora today.

James Hawn came down from Reddington this morning on an early car.

George Vehslage, Jr., made a business trip to Brownstown this morning.

John Grime, the plumber, made a business trip to Medora this morning.

John Groub made a business trip north this morning on the eight o'clock limited.

Peter Richards was here from Medora a short time this morning between trains.

Mrs. Henry Brand returned on an early car this morning from a trip north of here.

Major Long, secretary to Senator Shively, is at his home at Brownstown for the summer.

Oscar Price, of Columbus, was here today to attend the funeral of his uncle, H. P. Billings.

Walter Doup, of Columbus, was here this afternoon. He is the official bill poster at Columbus.

George F. Pomeroy, the concrete man, left Wednesday over the B. & O. S-W. for Jonesboro, Ark.

Sheriff Jerry McOsker, of Brownstown, was a passenger to Columbus on an early car this morning.

Mrs. M. E. Harper, of Sardinia, who was here the guest of Mrs. L. B. Hill, went to Indianapolis this morning.

H. E. Hennis, of Vincennes, traveling auditor for the U. S. Express Co., made a business trip east this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Montgomery came over from Williams last evening to attend the funeral of H. P. Billings today.

Mrs. Cora Jackson returned to Indianapolis this morning after a two months visit with relatives here and at Holton.

Mrs. J. H. Rice left on the late train Wednesday afternoon over the B. & O. for her home at Detroit, Mich. after a visit here.

Miss Myrtle Bennett, of Seymour, is the guest of the family of Charles E. Carter, West Fourteenth street.—Bedford Democrat.

Mrs. C. B. Cole and Mrs. Helen M. Laird, left this morning for Sun Bright, Tennessee, where they will spend three or four weeks.

Miss Helen Walkup, of Crawfordsville, returned home this morning after spending a few days in this city the guest of Miss Mary Misch.

George Pence and wife and daughters, of Columbus, and Dave Pence, of Indianapolis, were here today to attend the funeral of H. P. Billings.

Harvey Lloyd went to Indianapolis this morning where he will go on duty Friday morning in his new position at the Central Hospital for the insane.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. T. James and daughter Mary, of Lawrenceburg, are visiting Mrs. James' mother, Mrs. Thos. Adams, on E. fourth street.

Miss May Mote, of Seattle, Wash., who has been visiting at Hayden, spent Wednesday here with Mrs. Scott Everhart en route to her home.

Mrs. Herman Chambers and daughter returned home from Columbus Wednesday evening, where they have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Patterson.

Miss Sadie Fidler, of Indianapolis, who has been visiting at Vallonia, returned here this morning and spent the day with her cousin, and left for her home this afternoon.

Mrs. Mollie Sylvester and daughter, Miss Gladys, arrived here from Bedford this morning and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Blair, of N. Lynn street, for a few days.

Mrs. Albert Johnson and her son, Master Harry McBride, and Virginia Mitchell went to Reddington township this morning to spend the day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adams.

Mrs. C. D. Lamb and Mrs. Margaret Mitchell, have been making an extended visit in northern Indiana and Michigan for three weeks, are expected home this week.

It develops that Cashier J. T. Holliman of the Bank of Anderson (S. C.), who suddenly left for parts unknown, had embezzled approximately \$35,000.

WANT ADVERTISING

For Defective eyesight, see DraGoo.

FOR SALE—Range good as new. See A. D. Shields. j27d

PIANO TUNING—Satisfaction guaranteed. J. H. EuDaly. j4dtf

OLD PAPERS—At the REPUBLICAN office. j24d

FOR RENT—Four furnished rooms for light housekeeping. 216 W. Bruce St. j27d

FOR SALE—Ten shares Graessle-Mercer Co. Stock, all or part. Inquire here. j7dtf

FOR SALE—Two new four room cottages. Good investment for rental or for homes. Inquire here. j24d

FOR SALE—Heating stove, safe with glass front, washing machine, 50 ft. hose, 150 ft. steel inch pipe, four dozen glass fruit jars. Mrs. Kate Adams, 303 E. Fourth street. j24d

Weather Indications.

Probably showers and cooler to night, Friday fair and cooler.

Seymour Temperatures.

The following are the maximum and minimum temperatures as shown by the government thermometers at the Seymour volunteer weather observation station and reported by J. Robert Blair, observer. The figures are for twenty-four hours ending at noon:

	MAX	MIN
July 22, 1909.	92	67

Advertised Letters

The following is a list of letters remaining in the postoffice at Seymour and if not called for within 14 days will be sent to the dead letter office.

GENTS.

Mr. Harlen Baird.
Dick Hultz.
Rev. Wm. L. Lelk.
Rev. J. O. Overman.
Mr. Lon Whetsell.
Mr. Wm. Woodard.

WM. P. MASTERS, P. M.
Seymour, July 12, 1909.

Remember Whitmer's Corn Cure removes corns or it costs you nothing. Whitmer Medicine Co. j28d

FACES PRISON LIFE

Cornelius P. Shea, Labor Leader, Convicted of Attempted Murder.

New York, July 22.—Cornelius P. Shea, former president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, was convicted of an attempt to murder Alice Walsh, a former Chicago waitress, with whom Shea is alleged to have lived. Shea's only defense was that he had been drinking heavily. He will be sentenced Friday.

Professor Matteucci Dead.

Rome, July 22.—Professor R. V. Matteucci, director of the royal observatory on Mt. Vesuvius, who was famous for his devotion to duty during eruptions of the volcano, is dead at the observatory.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Pennsylvania LINES EXCURSIONS

To Atlantic City, Cape May

And other Seashore Resorts, August 5.

To Colorado and California

Daily with long limit. Variable routes.

To Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

Daily. Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and other Pacific Coast and Western cities may be visited on the trip, which may be made over variable routes west of Chicago and St. Louis.

Homeseekers Northwest, West, Southwest

On designated dates during Summer.

GET PARTICULARS

From nearest Ticket Agent, or call on or write J. T. JONES, Agt., Seymour

Building Material

For the Best at the Lowest Price Delivered on Short Notice, See

Travis Carter Co.

BARGAINS FOR SMALL MEN

We have 100 Men's Suits that run in small sizes, 33, 34 and 35. These Suits sold for \$6.00 to \$12.00. During our Semi-Annual Sale, you can have your pick and choice for

\$3.99

SEVENTY-FIVE Boys' Suits consisting of odds and ends and broken lots of the season's business, Sizes 15 to 20 years. Splendid values. In order to close them out we will make the price

\$2.99

THOMAS CLOTHING CO.

COAL

At \$2.50 Per Ton

DELIVERED

ISLAND CITY Pure Screened, Forked Lump. Best Coal that comes to the city, no exception.

'PHONE 331 or 499

SHERWOOD

CASCA

For Constipation

The Best Bowel, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Regulator Known

I use CASCA in my practice because it is the best remedy I have ever found for constipation.

H. I. SHERWOOD, M. D.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

NOTICE

If you want a farm, see BOLLINGER. If you don't want your farm, see BOLLINGER. He's got a fellow that wants it. We are both losing money by the delay. Just phone No. 5 or 186 and he'll call and have a talk with you. All kinds of city property at investment prices. Hancock Bldg.

Cut this out and bring to

Weithoff-Kernan Music Co.

and receive absolutely free

of charge one copy of

"TWILIGHT SONGS"

CONGDON & DURHAM,

Fire, Tornado, Liability, Accident and Sick Benefit

INSURANCE

Real Estate, Rental Agency

Prompt Attention to All Business

Must be Sold

At once—this Modern Home, 6 Rooms, Cellar, Water Works, Gas, Furnace, Barn, Bath, Well Located. Don't miss this chance.

GEO. SCHAEFER, Agent.

BAGGAGE

And light freight transferred. Phone 468. One door east of Interurban Station, Seymour

A. T. FOSTER

T. M. JACKSON,

Jeweler & Optician

104 W. SECOND ST.

We Do

Printing

That

Plases,

BATHS

Take Turkish Salt-glow Baths for all kinds of Lung Trouble.

AHLERT'S TURKISH BATH ROOMS

ELMER E. DUNLAP, ARCHITECT

824-828 State Life Bldg. INDIANAPOLIS. Branch Office: Columbus

All Kinds of Cement Work

Walks, Curb, Gutter, Tile and Sewer Work a specialty. Prices reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed.

JOSEPH BURKART

Good Teeth a Necessity

TO ENJOY LIFE

Note the following reasonable prices:

Quality and workmanship guaranteed

Set of Teeth - - \$8.00

Gold Crowns, (22K) \$5.00

Bridge Work - - \$5.00

Fillings, 75 cents and up.

Extracting Painless with Nitrous Oxide Gas. Examination Free.

Dr. R. G. Haas

No. 7 West Second St., Seymour, Ind.

Not all which we have been
Do we remain,
Nor on the dial-boards of men
Do the years mark themselves in vain;
But every cloud that in our sky hath
passed,
Some gloom or glory hath upon us cast;
And there have fallen from us, as we
traveled,
Many a burden of an ancient pain—
Many a tangled cord hath been unraveled,
Never to bind our foolish hearts again;
Old loves have left us lingeringly and
slow,
As melts away the distant strain of low,
Sweet music—waking us from troubled
dreams
Lulling to holier ones—that dies afar
On the deep night, as if by silver beams
Claspt to the trembling breast of some
charmed star,
And we have stood and watched, all wist-
fully,
While fluttering hopes have died out of
our lives,
As one who follows with a straining eye
A bird that far, far off fades in the sky,
A little rooking speck—now lost; and
still he strives
A moment to recover it—in vain;
Then slowly turns back to his work
again,
But loves and hopes have left us in their
place,
Thank God! a gentle grace,
A patience, a belief in His good time,
Worth more than all earth's joys to
which we climb.
—Edward Rowland Sill.

The Two Homes

Martha's castles, that had tottered for days, fell flat. Grandma'am bought the Peaslee place! Not for one instant did Martha deceive herself with the idea that she had done this in order to present the property to her son and his wife. She had not summered and wintered Jonathan Bartlett and his mother so many years for nothing. With her brief statement they had to be content. She divulged no more of her plans. They inferred, of course, that she was moving into the Peaslee house, but to all their inquiries she preserved a dogged silence. Even when Mose Marble, the local expressman, came to move the goods, grandma'am superintended the proceedings in person, while Jonathan and Martha stood bravely by, parrying Mose's loose remarks and pretending, for the speech of people, that they understood and thoroughly approved.

After the last load had gone, grandma'am gave a comprehensive look about and started down the road.

"Go—bye," she called. "I'm going to the Peaslee place."

Jonathan drove into the yard from market the next day, more fully informed.

"She's started up old woman's home, I guess," he confided to Martha, as he brought in the packages from the wagon; "I didn't say much, an' I guess most folks don't suspect but what we knew all about it. Bart Hackett's doin' a good deal of talkin', though. He's worse than a woman for meddlin' in other folks' affairs. Mary Tracey's mother's moved over there with her, an' she's got the two Simpson girls out of the poorhouse, an' Mls' Bee's comin' over to-morrow an' folks say there'll be more as soon as she's had time to turn round. It's makin' lots of talk. I drove round by there on the way home, an' I see mother out under the window down on her knees, a-diggin' away."

"Planting beans," said Martha, softly.

"Yes, I thought likely myself. It's pretty late, but she'll make 'em grow if anybody can. Mls' Tracey was lookin' out of the window, watchin' her. I called to mother, but she didn't answer. Maybe she didn't hear me. She didn't turn round. But she ain't so very deaf, an' I hollered."

He sank heavily into a chair. Martha went out without answering. Walking in the garden, she heard a noise in grandma'am's room. She crept to the window and softly parted the vines. Jonathan was standing in the empty room.

"It don't seem right with mother gone," he said under his breath. She turned quickly away, and something that was not dew fell on the scarlet runners.

The weeks went by, dull and uneventful, except for the comments of the neighbors.

One day Bart Hackett, passing, heard digging in the Bartlett yard.

"That you, Jonathan?" he called. "What you plantin' this time of year?"

Martha's voice replied: "No, Bart, it's me. I was just loosing the earth round Mother Bartlett's beans here." "She's got a great place up there, ain't she?" volunteered Bart. "Makes us old boys kind of envious. I asked 'em 't'other day when I was round that way if they couldn't tuck me away somewhere. But Dell Simpson started her everlastin' giggling and said, 'Not unless you marry one of us, Bart,' and I told you I skipped out lively. I ain't run single harness all these years to try a tandem hitch now, specially with a mare in the lead. But a place like that must be mighty nice to live in, particularly if you ain't got no great shakes of a home."

After he had gone Martha stood watching the scarlet runners with eyes that did not see.

Jonathan seldom mentioned his mother. He had locked the door of the empty room and carried the key in his pocket. That night Martha had a long talk with him.

Six weeks later Dell Simpson went

into the east parlor or the home to pull down the shades. The sun was shining too hotly on the carpet. It would fade.

"Land o' mercy!" she exclaimed. "What's to do on Martha Bartlett's lot?"

Hurrying back to the kitchen, she broke the news to the others. "Martha Bartlett's either sold her land or else she's goin' to build herself. There's a house staked out there, an' it's big as an ark."

There was an exodus to the east parlor.

"Ain't you comin', Hetty?" called Mary Tracey's mother from the sitting room.

"I got my hands in the dough," answered the old lady. "I guess Martha Bartlett's lot ain't goin' to fly away."

The old lady Bartlett preserved an outward stolidity, but when her companions were taking their afternoon naps she stole eagerly to the parlor and peeped out through the crack at the side of the lowered curtain.

Not only was there a building staked out, but a large gang of men was already at work digging the cellar. The purveyor of news, Bart Hackett, was seated on a pile of dirt, attentively listening to the proceedings.

Dell Simpson saw him there later and called to him. As he came toward her she cried eagerly, "What they doin', Bart? What's it goin' to be?"

"Dunno yet," he answered hopefully, "but Jonathan and Martha's abuildin' of it. I found out that much."

Grandmother Bartlett watched the progress secretly from the safe shelter of the widow curtain and did not seem to miss her naps at all.

The local correspondent of the weekly paper became commendably active, and soon the following notice appeared:

MANY PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZENS

Actuated, probably by his noble mother's splendid deeds, our worthy and esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Jonathan Bartlett, is erecting a beautiful structure on a lot belonging to his wife. The grounds adjoin the Peaslee place, now occupied by Mr. Bartlett's mother, and the friends she has so generously gathered about her. The new building will be a fitting twin to the already popular home. Mr. Bartlett designs the new building for an old men's home, and we understand from reliable information, that applications have already been made for admittance.

The correspondent had interviewed Bart. Mrs. Tracey saw the notice in



DIGGING THE CELLAR.

the paper, and went into grandmother's room to read it to her.

"Do tell," said the old lady, calmly, when she had finished; "I can't find my thimble; have you seen it?" Mrs. Tracey curbed her enthusiasm till she reached more congenial company.

Next day the paper could not be found. No one dreamed of asking Martha Bartlett's mother-in-law for it, nor did anyone know that the clipping lay carefully preserved in her diary.

Early the next spring, when the building was finished, there was a great dedication. The old men who were to live there—they made a goodly showing, too—sat in the front seats; there was a band; there were speeches by every one who thought himself entitled to make a speech; there was even a photographer sent down from the city paper to take pictures for an article to be printed in the Sunday edition.

Jonathan, driving Martha to the exercises, cast wistful glances at the Peaslee place. "I wish mother'd answer the letter I sent her," he sighed; "I'd like to have her there to-day."

"Oh, I guess she'll come," answered Martha; "she never was any hand to write. The house is all shut up, you see. Probably they're all over there by this time. I got belated in startin', you know."

Nevertheless, her heart was heavy as she spoke, and she fancied she saw a curtain drawn aside. The Bartlett feud and the cause of it were no secrets in the village now. The very question that was worrying Jonathan had caused every man, woman and child who could get there to be present at the exercises. Would the old lady Bartlett come to the dedication? No one but she herself knew, and she had kept her own counsel.

Jonathan lifted Martha out of the democrat amidst the cheers of the crowd waiting about the steps. The photographer stood ready with his camera focused on the entrance. He lifted the black cloth and his head disappeared from view as she turned to enter the building. The crowd cheered madly—the small boys shrilled and yelled.

Martha hurried to get away from it. Her eyes blurred with tears and she stumbled up the steps. At the top she ran blindly into a little old woman, who seized her in outstretched arms. The crowd saw, and the cheering broke out afresh. The photographer emerged from his tent, gave a quick glance, and decided to go in again.

Everyone saw—everyone understood—everyone was glad, but no one except Martha—happy Martha now, though the tears ran fast down her

cheeks—heard the words of Grandmother Bartlett.

"Martha Bartlett, you've done a noble deed—and you didn't do it for spite, either, same as I did. An' Martha—daughter—a home's a nice place, but it ain't like own folks. Have you furnished my room?"

Jonathan had left the horse unhitched and dashed up the steps, two at a time. He took mother and wife in his arms. The crowd went mad. The photographer smiled with satisfaction and folded his tent.

Jonathan put his hand in his pocket. He pressed something into his mother's hand.

"Here's your key, mother," he said simply. "I've been carryin' it till you should want it."

And all the while Bart Hackett danced wildly up and down, shouting unheard among the tumult. "What's goin' on? Tarnation, can't somebody tell me what's goin' on?"

As Jonathan drove slowly and happily homeward, perched precariously on the edge of the seat between the two women, he heard Martha explaining, "You know, mother, 'tain't all done yet. Just as soon as it's graded and seeded I'm going to plant some scarlet runners under the windows."

He was nearly pushed off the seat as grandma'am turned to face her son's wife.

"Martha Bartlett, you don't know an earthly thing about plantin' scarlet runners. I'll do it myself—then they'll grow."—Bertha Currier Porter in the Springfield Republican.

"THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE."

American Husband a Victim of the "Habit and Fury of Work."

The American masculine claim of absorption in his work does not in the least justify such a condition, says Anna A. Rogers in the Atlantic. Frenchmen support their wives and still find time to go shopping with them, too. Englishmen do likewise and find energy left to place their sons in school, energy to watch keenly the love affairs of their daughters, unhesitatingly bidding this or that man be gone; moral courage and physical vitality left after the day's work to be in fact, as well as in fancy, "the head of the house." They have the wisdom to leave hours for play, for pure boyishness of living. And all this may be observed in the same middle class that with us turns the whole issue over to the wife, expecting of her all wisdom, though knowing her sheltered youth; and all vitality, to run unceasingly and unaided the whole machinery of the family. No wonder our women have "nerves"! No wonder they are becoming more and more restless (one of the first evidences of strain), more and more discontented as the time passes. Masculine kindness to our women is sometimes so tangled up with selfishness that there need be no surprise that there is some confusion regarding them.

Not that our men want the money, after which they are striving, for themselves, for their pleasures. They do not. They are almost notoriously generous. Our rich men give, give, give; to their wives, their children, to colleges, to hospitals, to churches, until the whole world is amazed at their generosity.

The habit and fury of work, unreasoning, illogical, quite unrelated to any deed, is a masculine disease in this country, and the whole social system has for years paid the inevitable penalty. Here and there a man tries to stop in time, but finds himself obsessed by work so that he can no longer think of anything else. He is as much a slave to it as is any opium taker to his drug and drunkard to his potion. It is a grave danger, not only to the individual but to the whole American civilization.

A Japanese Idea of Sport.

In Asakusa Park, which is the Coney Island of Tokio, Japan, the foreign wanderer will have his attention directed to an open booth or pavilion which is always crowded. Within the flaps of figured cotton print he finds a large circular tank built up from floor to about the level of a man's waist. The tank is shallow, containing not more than eight inches or a foot of water, and it is filled with 50 or more heavy brown carp.

The spectator sees men, women and boys enter the pavilion and for a copper sen purchase a slender, brittle reed about a foot in length, from the end of which depends six inches of cotton line supporting a barbed hook shaped like a bent pin. Thus prepared the seekers after fun move over to the edge of the tank and begin their sport. This consists of picking out a fish and by dropping the bent pin hook in front of its mouth, making an attempt to hook it by a quick upward jerk of the line. Once a fish is hooked the problem is to lift it out of the water and over the side of the tank without breaking the slender reed pole.

This method of fishing, if it can be called fishing, does not appeal strongly to the human sense of foreign spectators.

The Limit.

Author—"Don't you think my play is ripe for the times?" Manager—"Ripe? My poor boy, it's rotten."—Baltimore American.

Perhaps an open countenance may be all right, but people who are never able to keep their mouths closed are all wrong.

A paying teller may not be superstitious, but he must be an expert in signs.

Smiles of The Day

Tells the Telephone Girls the Truth.

Two telephone girls were talking over the wire one afternoon. The subject of the conversation was a lawn party, which was to take place the next day. Both were discussing what they should wear, and after five minutes had come to no decision.

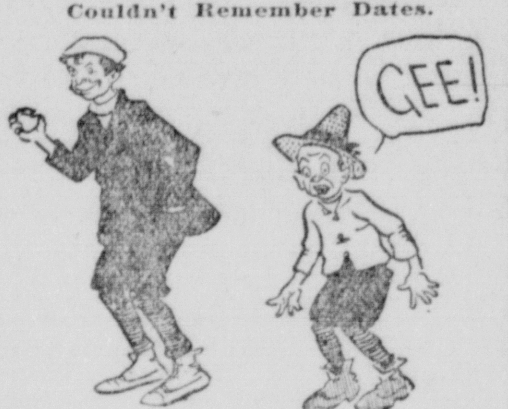
In the midst of this important conversation a masculine voice interrupted, asking humbly what number he had. The lack of reply did not squelch the inquirer, for he asked again for the number.

One of the girls became indignant and scornfully asked:

"What line do you think you are on, anyhow?"

"Well," said the man, "I am not sure, but judging from what I have heard I should say I was on a clothes line."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Couldn't Remember Dates.



"Don't you remember how when I had that big bag of dates I gave you some, Jimmy?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Hank, but I never did have no memory for dates."

The Burning Question.

A Baltimore teacher was trying to explain the meaning of the word "recuperate."

"Charley," she said, "when night comes your father returns home tired and worn out, doesn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am," assented Charley.

"Then," continued the teacher, "it being night, and he being tired, what does he do?"

"That's what ma wants to know," said Charley.—Success Magazine.

The Devout Butcher.

A butcher of a certain village, being a devout Christian, whenever he sent a business note invariably accompanied it with a text.

A certain lady, wishing him to kill some of her pigs, sent him a letter to notify him of the fact, to which he sent the following reply:

"Dear Madam: I will call on Friday to kill your hogs, without fail. Yours, Mr. B. N. B.—Be ye also ready."—Detroit News-Tribune.

He Got the Job.

"Want to do a lion-taming act, eh? Any special training for the job?"

"In my flush years I managed a prima donna."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In Chicago.

"Is June the favorite month for marriages out here, too?" asked the New York lady.

"I don't think so," replied the Chicago woman; "I've been married six times in other months, and only twice in June."—Yonkers Statesman.

Painless Shaving.



Customer—Is it true that you are the artist that shaved me last week? Barber—Er—yes, sir!

Customer—Well, then, I think, if you don't mind, I should prefer gas this time.—Ally Sloper.

Money Talks.

In an Ohio town there is still maintained a stage coach system of transportation, the steeds whereof are of sad appearance.

One day a Cincinnati man visiting the town in question boarded a stage, having no other currency than a \$5 bill. This he proffered to the driver. The latter took it, looked it over for a moment or so, and then asked:

"Which horse do you want, Bill?"—Harper's Weekly.

Summer Pirates.

"Yes," laughed the tall chap, "this is the picture of the country boarding house where they charged us \$20 a week for two meals a day. It has a fine marine title."

"Marine title?" asked his friend in surprise. "What is there marine about it?"

"Why, I call it 'Boarded by Pirates.'"

Searching for It.

"Yes," said the young man at the piano, "there is a lot of music in this box."

"If there is," suggested the long-suffering friend, "you should hire some one to get it out."

Shaved.

The professor steps into the barber's chair and assumes an attitude of deep meditation.

"Hair cut, sir?"

"Please!" The barber cuts the hair.

"Like a shampoo?"

"Um—please!" He gets the shampoo.

"Shave you, sir?"

"Um—yes!" One shave.

"Massage?" He nods assent and consequently is massaged. The barber removes the towel, the professor arises and mechanically takes the proffered check.

"What's this?"

"Your check, sir."

"My check?"

"Certainly, sir. Hair cut, shampoo, shave and massage."

The professor rubs his hand over face and head. "Did I get all that?"

"Surely, sir."

"It's queer, very queer—most extraordinarily queer! A most wonderful example of philosophical phenomena!"

"What's queer, sir?" asks the barber in dismay.

The professor draws a small oblong black box from inside his pocket.

"Why, the working of the human mind. What I came in for was to get my razor honed!"

Woman's Gentle Art.

"I often wonder," said a gentleman to a young mechanic, "how you ever plucked up enough courage to propose to your wife—you were always such a bashful young fellow."

"Well," explained the husband, "she made it easy for me. You know I walked out with her frequently, and she must have known I meant business. But I was always afraid to speak right out till one night I said to her rather carelessly, 'Do you think you'll ever marry?'"

"She said she thought she might; so I said 'When?' 'Whenever you do,' was her answer; and I said, 'All right.' So we settled the day there and then."—Tit-Bits.

How They Love School.

Johnny—Hooray! Tommy—Wot yer so happy about?

Johnny—I don't haffer to go to school to-day!

Tommy—Chee, y're lucky! W'y don'tcher?

Johnny—I gotta go to th' dentist's an' have three teeth pulled!—Cleveland Leader.

Comforting.

There you are," said his wife. "What did I tell you?"

"Well, great Scott!" said the man. "I suppose I might be excused if I ask what you want a sum like that for. You can have it, of course. It doesn't matter whether I meet my business obligations or not. Only, I should like to know where the money is going."

"Very well, then," said his wife. "I'll tell you I've got to pay the seamstress for two weeks' sewing. That will take \$24. Then we've got to have some new sheets and pillow cases. If I buy the stuff and have them made it will cost me a little less than if I buy them ready made, but they can't be much less than 75 cents apiece the way cotton goods have gone up. A dozen at 75 cents each would be—let me see—well, the sheets would cost \$9 and the pillow cases about \$5 more. How much does that make? Thirty-eight dollars. I've got to have two or three pairs of gloves. You were remarking how shabby my gloves were looking the last time you took me out. I can get along with two pairs for the present, perhaps, but the gloves will cost \$5 or \$6. Then the girls need shoes. If you'd rather take them downtown and buy the shoes yourself I'll cut that out, but they've got to have them. The matting in the south bedroom is all in holes. I've figured that it would take about fourteen yards and I saw some at 25 cents a yard that might do. That would be \$3.50 and the gloves \$6 would be \$9.50 and the—"

"For goodness' sake!" interrupted the man. "What do you suppose I want to hear all those peddling little details for? I said you could have the money, didn't I?"—Chicago Daily News.

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MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Camden, N.J.—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimonial to the already long list—hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of this valuable medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from terrible headaches, pain in my back and right side, was tired and nervous, and so weak I could hardly stand. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health and made me feel like a new person, and it shall always have my praise."
—Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 902 Lincoln Avenue, Camden, N. J.

Gardiner, Me.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."
—Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner, Me.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

A Crime in France.

Although Oliver Wendell Holmes always replied to autograph hunters when stamps were inclosed, Alexander Dumas did not. He kept their stamps and used them himself. Some citizens of Marseilles have followed his example and have thereby got into trouble. A Paris dispatch to the Denver News-Tribune says:

A local wine merchant pestered three prominent men in his district, including a retired judge, with letters offering his vintages and inclosing stamps for reply and, all kept the stamps. Whereupon the wine merchant lodged a complaint against them for a swindling abuse of confidence and appropriation of sums intrusted to them.

The judicial authorities received the complaint, acted upon it and opened criminal proceedings against all three persons on the charge of appropriating a 2-cent stamp each. It seems that no other legal course was open to the authorities than to proceed in the matter. The sequel is worse.

It is reported that the police, armed with search warrants, have effected domiciliary visits in the residences of the three accused persons in order to discover the "corpus delicti" in each case—that is to say, the wine merchant's letter containing the stamp for a reply.

If the stamp be found unused the three accused persons will be ordered to disgorge the property wrongfully detained by them. If it be not found the presumption, apparently, will be that they used the property and, logically, a conviction for swindling should follow.

ORIGIN

Of a Famous Human Food.

The story of great discoveries or inventions is always of interest.

An active brain worker who found himself hampered by lack of bodily strength and vigor and could not carry out the plans and enterprises he knew how to conduct, was led to study various foods and their effects upon the human system. In other words, before he could carry out his plans he had to find a food that would carry him along and renew his physical and mental strength.

He knew that a food which was a brain and nerve builder (rather than a mere fat maker) was universally needed. He knew that meat with the average man does not accomplish the desired results. He knew that the soft gray substance in brain and nerve centers is made from Albumen and Phosphate of Potash obtained from food. Then he started to solve the problem.

Careful and extensive experiments evolved Grape-Nuts, the now famous food. It contains the brain and nerve building food elements in condition for easy digestion.

The result of eating Grape-Nuts daily is easily seen in a marked sturdiness and activity of the brain and nervous system, making it a pleasure for one to carry on the daily duties without fatigue or exhaustion.

Grape-Nuts food is in no sense a stimulant but is simply food which renews and replaces the daily waste of brain and nerves.

Its flavor is charming and being fully and thoroughly cooked at the factory it is served instantly with cream.

The signature of the brain worker spoken of, C. W. Post, is to be seen on each genuine package of Grape-Nuts.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

GOOD SHORT STORIES

Nathaniel Osborne, who used to blow the organ in the Brick Church in Fairhaven, was once asked how much salary he received. "Twelve hundred dollars," he replied. "Twelve hundred!" exclaimed the questioner in surprise. "Yes," replied Nat, "but that's for one hundred years."

The thin, pale man sighed. "Why," asked his friend, "are you so sad?" "Alas!" he answered, "the sea is the grave of my first wife." The friend's lips curled superciliously. "But you are married again," he murmured. "Yes," said the thin, pale one, "and my second wife won't go near the water."

Pat and Mike enlisted in the British army. After their first drill the captain, thinking the circumstances opportune for a little lecture on patriotism, demanded, eloquently: "Soldiers, why should a man die for his king and country?" This struck Pat as a proper question. Turning to Mike, he said: "Faith, Molke, the captain is right! Whol?"

The old gentleman was not accustomed to having the new railway in his town; upon seeing a train approaching he whipped up his horse and tried to cross the track in front of it. He and his horse came out safely, but the wagon was badly broken. When he found that he was not injured he called to the engineer: "Why, I thought you saw me coming."

While ex-President Roosevelt was on his famous Louisiana bear-hunting trip he passed by an old colored man's cabin and saw two fine hounds in the yard. Mr. Roosevelt made several offers for the hounds, each larger than the last. But the old man shook his head. Finally the President said: "If you knew who I am you would sell me those dogs." "Sell you dem houn' dawgs if I know who you is!" exclaimed the man. "Who is you, anyhow?" "I am President Roosevelt," was the reply, uttered in an impressive tone. The old man looked at him a moment, and then said: "See heah, I wouldn't care if you was Bookah T. Washington—you couldn't get dem dawgs!"

None of the professions seem more devoted to ready wit than that of the law. It is related that Sir Nicholas Bacon was about to pass judgment upon a man who had been guilty of robbery, at that time punishable by death; but the culprit pleaded for mercy on the ground that he was related to the judge. "How is that?" he was asked. "My lord," was the reply, "your name is Bacon, mine is Hog, and hog and bacon have always been considered akin." "That is true," answered Sir Nicholas; "but as hog is not bacon until it has hung, until you are hanged you are no relation of mine." Still more to the point is this of two opposing barristers. The lawyer for the defense was so severe upon the prosecution that the latter rose and asked: "Does the learned counsel think me a fool?" The retort was prompt: "My friend wishes to know if I consider him a fool; and in reply to his question I can only say that I am not prepared to deny it." There are many instances of passages at arms between bench and bar, but this one may be new to most of our readers. At the close of a lengthened and bitter wrangle between a judge and a prominent counsel, the former said: "Well, sir, if you do not know how to conduct yourself as a gentleman, I am sure I can't teach you." To which the barrister mildly replied: "That is so, my lord."

ASKED ON AMERICAN DELUSION.

Pastor of "Rockefeller's Church"

Talks of Hustling and Humor.

"I am going to speak of you now," Dr. Aked, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, said to me, according to Nixola Greeley-Smith in the New York World, "of two American characteristics, or rather two American delusions, that I have never before mentioned. The first is the delusion of hustle. You all think people work harder in this country than anywhere else. Then don't. You simply make a little more noise about it—that's all. Men work just as hard and long in England and all over Europe as they do in New York or Chicago. But, of course, there is no use trying to persuade an American of that fact. You remember one of your playwrights, now dead, once remarked that the idea of America's youthfulness was one of its oldest traditions. Well, this idea of American 'hustle' is another."

"The second delusion," said Dr. Aked, smiling, and squaring his shoulders for the fray, "I will call the delusion of American humor. You are all convinced that you have a special brand of humor that no foreigner can appreciate. I have failed to discover any signs of it. Of course, your newspapers will say that's because I'm an Englishman and don't understand it. I'll concede to American prejudice that, being an Englishman, I am necessarily totally lacking in humor. But I'll give you a few illustrations of the lack of humor I have discovered in Americans:

"Not long ago I remarked to my congregation: 'You are, most of you, children of privilege—your possessions

have not generally been acquired through your own efforts, but through a wise selection of parents.'"

Dr. Aked paused that his words might sink into my memory. Then he added, slower and impressively:

"The next day I got a letter from a lady saying that she would like to be enlightened on what seemed to be an obscure point in my sermon and asking me to explain to her how it was possible to choose one's parents wisely. Another time I wrote in an article this sentence: 'I am still looking for an American female person between the ages of 7 and 70 who is not impressed with a sense of her vast importance to the continent.' In the next mail I received three offers of marriage."

"Still another instance. During the course of a lecture at Chautauqua I remarked that there was a difference between the religion of a young man and that of his maiden aunt. The lecture ended at 4 o'clock. Between that time and 6:30 exactly forty-nine old maiden aunts asked me to explain what the difference was."

Dr. Aked paused. I laughed. I am one of those that have the "delusion of American humor." But there was something I wanted to know very much. I did not like to dispel Dr. Aked's flattering opinion, but I just couldn't help it.

"That's very funny," I remarked tactfully. "But would you mind telling me what is the difference between the religion of a young man and that of his maiden aunt?"

But Dr. Aked threw up his hands and declined to answer.

Now, what is the difference?

UNUSUAL MINE CONDITIONS.

Rock Unthawed Since Imbedded in the Glacial Period.

The altitude of the Stevens mine, on Mount McClellan, Cal., is 2,500 feet, and it is one of the highest eastern spurs of the snowy range. It has the form of a horseshoe.

In descending into the mine, nothing unusual is noticed until a depth of 80 or 90 feet is reached, then it is seen that the silica, calcite and ore, together with the surrounding wall rock, are a solid, frozen mass. This continues downward for more than 200 feet, and there are no indications of a thaw, summer or winter.

The whole of the 200 feet of frozen walls is surrounded by massive rocks. The miners, being unable to excavate the frozen material with pick and drill in the usual way, found that the only way to mine in this peculiar lode was to kindle a huge fire against the "face" of the tunnel, and in the morning take out the ore that had been thawed loose during the night.

In fact, this was the only mode of mining used while going through the frozen belt some 10 or 15 years since the tunnel is now many hundred feet deep, and still there is no diminution of the frost.

There is, so far as can be seen, no opening or channel through which the frost could possibly have reached such a depth from the surface. Besides this, there are many other mines in the same vicinity in a like frozen state.

The theory is that the rock was deposited in glacial times, when there was cold enough to freeze the very earth's crust. In that case, the mine is an ice house whose stores have remained unthawed for at least eighty thousand years.

The phenomenon is not uncommon or inexplicable when openings can be found through which a current of air can pass; but cases which, like the Stevens mine, show no opening for air currents, must be referred to as imbedded icebergs of the glacial period.

Dictionary-Readers.

That the natives of Nigeria are capable of advanced forms of education is apparently proved by this little incident, told by Constance Larymore in "A Resident's Wife in Nigeria."

My husband told me that in the course of the patrol they passed through a valley where the inhabitants of the rocks and hills above apparently made their homes in holes and caves; one member of the party idly asked what was the scientific name for cave-dwellers, the word having slipped his memory for the moment.

No one appeared to be able to supply the word. But then the native interpreter, plodding along behind, came up, saying, "Pardon me, sir, don't you mean troglodytes?" The Englishman, amazed, asked where he had ever heard such a word, and "George" replied, placidly:

"I was reading a dictionary one day and saw it."

I cannot imagine myself reading a German or Italian dictionary for pleasure, and storing in my mind for future use, conversationally, a specially unusual scientific term. I only wish I could!

Up to Him.

"But," said the fiance, "you admitted to my sister yesterday that you were in the wrong."

"Suppose I did?" retorted the fiancee.

"Well, then," he continued, "why won't you make up with me?"

"I will," said she, "as soon as you apologize."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Respect for Ladies.

Bacon—A woman who wants to vote is called a suffragette, is she not?

Egbert—Well, yes, that's what she's called if there are ladies present.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Pink of Propriety.

When the stringed band, hidden behind the rose and carnation screen in Mrs. Poole's dining-room, began to play an air from one of Meyerbeer's operas, the daughter of the house turned hopefully to the young and apparently dumb stranger who had been told off to take her in.

Here was a promising opening for conversation.

"Do you like Meyerbeer?" she asked.

"I never drank a glass of one of those lagers in my life," the young man replied, coldly.

TIRED ALL THE TIME.

Languor, listlessness and dullness of spirits are often due to kidney disorders. Pain and weakness in the back, sides and hips, headaches, dizziness, urinary disorders are sure signs that the kidneys need immediate attention. Delay is dangerous.

Mrs. John F. Riley, 520 Walnut St., Hamilton, Ohio, says: "Backache, headache and dizzy spells were the burden of my life for years. Housework was drudgery, and I was tired and worn out all the time. Due to kidney disease, Doan's Kidney Pills brought prompt relief and soon I was entirely cured."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

How It Came True.

"You can't make me believe," Uncle Abner Jarvis was saying, "that there isn't something in fortune telling." His auditors were grouped round the stove in the corner grocery store. "Ever have any experience with it?" asked one of them.

"That's what I was going to tell you," resumed Uncle Abner. "Once when I was at the county fair I saw a little tent with a sign on the outside of it that said 'Madame Somebody'—other would tell your fortune for 25 cents. I stepped inside, just for fun."

"A woman with a thick veil over her face was sitting in a chair on a raised platform. I gave her a quarter, and she looked at my hand. One of the things she told me was that I was going to have a large party at my house in less than a month, and that it would be followed by a calamity."

"I laughed at that. Thinks I to myself, 'We hadn't had any parties of any kind to our house for two years, and I don't reckon we'll have one quite as soon as that.'"

"But it did come true. In about two weeks my wife's Aunt Jane came to visit us, and if you think she ain't a large party you ought to see her. She weighs 287 pounds."

"But how about the calamity?" inquired the man who was sitting on the nail keg, after a long pause.

"Well," said Uncle Abner, slowly, "she broke down our spare bed the first night she slept in it."

History Rewritten.

With much reluctance King George III. had decided to let his American colonies go.

"Mark my words, though," he said, "they'll be governed some day by a monarch ten times as absolute and despotic as I am!"

If any doubt exists that his Britannic majesty had the spirit of prophecy upon him, look at Mr. Aldrich.—Chicago Tribune.

Getting Back.

"Captain, what time does the boat start?"

"It starts, madam, when I give the word."

"Then I've always had the wrong idea. I thought it started when the engineer pulled a lever, or did something. Thank you ever so much."—Chicago Tribune.

Reminiscence.

"How long will eggs keep, anyhow?" said the casual customer at the lunch counter.

"I have met some in my career," answered the dark, gloomy man with the deep, tragic voice who sat next to him, "that I am willing to swear had been kept for not less than two years, by Jupiter!"—Chicago Tribune.

Helping Him Out.

"That familiar quotation escapes me," said Rivers, nibbling his pencil.

"Competition is!"

"The first law of nature," prompted Brooks.

A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-PAWE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it is a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet—Mrs. Matilda Holtworth, Providence, R. I." Sold by all Druggists. 25c. Ask to-day.

It took thirty-five years to build up a church of six members in China, but since 1900 there have been 50,000 natives converted to Christianity.

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain in concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw tonic and are made from the juice of the

Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Get a 25-cent bottle and if you are not perfectly satisfied I will refund your money. —MUNYON.

532 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

INDIAN RESERVATIONS OPEN.

Registration, July 15 to August 5.

—Drawing, August 9, 1909.

Registration for 160-acre farms in the Flathead Reservation (450,000 acres), at Missoula, Mont.; Coeur d'Alene Reservation (200,000 acres), at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; Spokane Reservation (50,000 acres), at Spokane, Wash.

Any qualified applicant can register for a 160-acre farm on all three of these reservations. You therefore have three chances to win a farm. It costs nothing to register. The cost of taking up the prize 160-acre tracts is from \$125 to \$7 an acre.

Low fares by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—\$39 from Chicago to Missoula and return, \$39 to Kallispell and return, \$55.10 to Coeur d'Alene and return, \$57.50 to Spokane and return, July 20. Low fares from other points and on other dates.—F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

A Vigorous Critic.

Ruskin was always hot on the trail of immature critics, but he seems to have gone beyond himself on a certain occasion, when Chambers' Journal records, when he threw a large quarto at A. Stodart Walker's head because he had dared question the artistic excellence, in the matter of proportion, of Michelangelo's "Moses" in Rome.

After the throwing was over, Ruskin asked:

"How often have you seen it?"

"Oh, half a dozen times," Stodart Walker answered, confidently.

"Good heavens!" Ruskin cried. "No man should dare to give an opinion on any work of art unless he has seen it every day for six months," adding, after a pause, "and even then he should hold his tongue if he has used his eyes as you seem to have used them."

DREADFUL DANDRUFF.

Girl's Head Encrusted—Feared Loss of All Her Hair—Baby Had Milk Crust—Missionary's Wife Made Perfect Cures by Cuticura.

"For several years my husband was a missionary in the Southwest. Every one in that high and dry atmosphere has more or less trouble with dandruff and my daughter's scalp became so encrusted with it that I was alarmed for fear she would lose all her hair. After trying various remedies, in desperation I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. They left the scalp beautifully clean and free from dandruff and I am happy to say that the Cuticura Remedies were a complete success. I have also used successfully the Cuticura Remedies for so-called 'milk-crust' on baby's head. Cuticura is a blessing. Mrs. J. A. Darling, 310 Fifth St., Carthage, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston.

Touch and Go.

"Good morning, sir," said the tall man in the suit of faded black, opening his valise. "My name is Glasspy. I am the inventor of a little device for—"

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Glasspy," interrupted the man in the doorway. "My name is Washabaugh. I have the sole right in this county to take subscriptions for a new and copiously illustrated edition of the works of—"

"Good day, sir."

"Good day,"—Chicago Tribune.

Heard in the Foyer.

"Well, how did you like the play?"

"There's one thing about it I liked exceedingly; the star didn't come on until the middle of the third act."



A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Mite Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish, and gives beauty and delicate complexion. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless, and so easy to use, that it is the most perfect skin preparation ever devised. Accept no counterfeit. Similar name, Dr. J. L. Bayre said to a lady of the highest rank (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the best of all the skin preparations for sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York."

Worms

"Cascarets are certainly fine. I gave a friend one when the doctor was treating him for cancer of the stomach. The next morning he passed four pieces of a tape worm. He then got a box long. It was Mr. Matt Freck, of Millersburg, Dauphin Co., Pa. I am quite a worker for Cascarets. I use them myself and find them beneficial for most any disease caused by impure blood." —Chas. E. Condon, Lewistown, Pa., (Millin Co.)

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 921

A Matter of Addition.

Precision was one of Mr. Williams' chief qualities. He loved to be exact, even to the point of noting in his account book the smallest expenditures—a cent for a newspaper, another for a pencil. Early in January he came out of his library to where his wife was sewing.

"My dear Jane," he began, "I am going to make a criticism that may distress you, because you will probably think it is foolish. I assure you that it is not. I have been reading through the almanac for this year, and there is one obvious error."

"What is it?" said Mrs. Williams, looking up from her work.

"Last year they said that the world was seventy-two million years old, and this year they say the same thing."

"But—," began his wife.

"They should be exact," protested the man. "I can't for the life of me see why they shouldn't say seventy-two million and one. If one's true then the other is. Why, oh, why, can't these people be precise?"

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Fitch*

Metal Has No Properties.

When 70 per cent of cerium is alloyed with 30 per cent of iron the metal thus produced possesses the remarkable property of giving off a shower of sparks when struck lightly by a steel wheel. This substance has been employed for making auto igniters for gas burners, miners' acetylene lamps and cigar lighters. Recently it has been proposed to utilize it for igniting motor headlights, and even as a substitute for electric ignition in the cylinders.

Momentarily Puzzled.

"Where do you scratch your match?" asked the visitor, looking around.

"Why," stammered the hostess, "my husband always—O, I understand. On the under side of the mantelpiece."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

For Liver, Bladder, Kidney and Stomach Troubles

TAKE

Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules

"Odorless and Tasteless."

You will find that relief follows the use of the first capsule. This time-honored and effective "home remedy" has a reputation of over 200 years back of it. GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL is the ONLY genuine.

Holland Medicine Co., Scranton, Pa.

Dear Sir: I must say that your Gold Medal Haarlem Oil is the greatest medicine in the world. My back was in a bad fix for six weeks, and I have been taking your Haarlem Oil two nights, and the pain is all gone. I will do all I can for you. Wishing you good luck, I remain Your friend,

ANTHONY C. MORAN,

Hastings-on-Hudson New York

P. O. Box 201, Feb. 19, 1909.

Capsules 25 and 50 cents. Bottles 15c and 35c, at all druggists.

HOLLAND MEDICINE CO.,

Sole Importers Scranton, Pa.

If your Druggist cannot supply you, write us direct.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

—NOTHING LIKE IT FOR—

THE TEETH Paxtine excels any dentifrice in cleansing, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.

THE MOUTH Paxtine used as a mouthwash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and much sickness.

THE EYES when inflamed, tired, ache and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.

CATARH Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

Paxtine is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean.

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, 50c. OR POSTPAID BY MONEY ORDER. LARGE SAMPLE FREE!

THE PAXTINE TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

SMOKERS FIND LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER

5¢ Cigar better Quality than most 10¢ Cigars Your jobber or direct from Factory, Peoria, Ill.

FOR SALE BY OWNER—320 ACRES level, well drained black loam. Equal to the best 100 level Corn Land price, \$60 per acre. Also 120 acres of same quality, situated about half mile from railway station and corn elevator. In Indiana, 17 miles from Chicago—\$60 per acre. Will subdivide if desired. No exchanges considered. W. B. Phillips, Evanson, Ill.

Make \$50 WEEKLY Distributing Rubber Heading Machines. Send me your name and address for free literature. I will send you a sample of the product. No money advanced. Order by mail. Send 10c for sample. Write to: L. A. Phillips, 1000 N. 1st St., Peoria, Ill.

Dr. E. Applegate Veterinary

Surgery a Specialty. Dentistry.

OFFICE: Stewart's Livery Barn
Both Phones 70.RESIDENCE: 216 Brown Street
Old Phone 268. New Phone 356.
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

Prescriptions
A Specialty

GEORGE F. MEYER'S DRUG STORE

Indianapolis, Columbus and
Southern Traction Co.

In effect June 1, 1909.

North-bound Cars Lv. Seymour	South-bound Cars Arr. Seymour
6:53 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
8:13 a. m.	7:50 a. m.
8:53 a. m.	8:51 a. m.
9:17 a. m.	9:09 a. m.
9:53 a. m.	9:50 a. m.
10:53 a. m.	10:50 a. m.
11:17 a. m.	11:09 a. m.
11:53 a. m.	11:50 a. m.
12:53 p. m.	12:50 p. m.
1:17 p. m.	1:50 p. m.
1:53 p. m.	2:09 p. m.
2:53 p. m.	2:50 p. m.
3:17 p. m.	3:50 p. m.
3:53 p. m.	4:09 p. m.
4:53 p. m.	4:50 p. m.
5:53 p. m.	5:50 p. m.
6:17 p. m.	6:09 p. m.
6:53 p. m.	6:50 p. m.
7:53 p. m.	7:50 p. m.
8:17 p. m.	8:09 a. m.
8:53 p. m.	8:50 a. m.
10:20 p. m.	9:50 a. m.
11:55 p. m.	11:38 a. m.

I.—Indianapolis. G.—Greenwood.
C.—Columbus.
*—Hoosier Flyers. *—Dixie Flyers.
x—Seymour-Indianapolis Limiteds.
Cars make connections at Seymour
with trains of the B. & O. R. R. and
Southern Indiana R. R. for all points
east and west of Seymour.
For rates and full information see
agents and official time table folders
in all cars.
General Offices—Columbus, Indiana.

Indianapolis and Louisville
Traction Company

In effect June 1, 1909.

Hoosier Flyers leave Seymour for
Columbus, Edinburg, Franklin, Green-
wood and Indianapolis at: 9:17, 11:17
a. m. and 1:17, 3:17, 6:17, 8:17 p. m.

Dixie Flyers leave Seymour for
Crothersville, Scottsburg, Sellers-
burg, Watson Junction, Jefferson-
ville and Louisville at: 9:11, 11:11 a.
m. and 2:11, 4:11, 6:11, 8:11 p. m.

Local Cars leave Seymour for Louis-
ville and all intermediate points at:
5:54, 7:54, 9:54, 11:54 a. m. and *12:51,
2:51, 4:54, 6:54, *8:54, *11:00.

Local freight service daily except
Sunday between Seymour and Jeffers-
onville. Car arrives at 5:35 p. m.
and leaves at 6:30 p. m.

For rates and information see Agents
and official time table folders in all
cars.

* For Scottsburg only.

H. D. MURDOCK, Supt.
Scottsburg, Ind.

Southern Indiana Railway Co.

TIME TABLE

North Bound.			
	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6
Lv Seymour	6:40am	12:20pm	5:50pm
Lv Bedford	7:55am	1:38pm	7:05pm
Lv Odon	9:01am	2:40pm	8:12pm
Lv Elora	9:11am	2:49pm	8:22pm
Lv Beehunter	9:27am	3:03pm	8:35pm
Lv Linton	9:42am	3:20pm	8:49pm
Lv Jasonville	10:05am	3:43pm	9:11pm
Ar Terre Haute	10:55am	4:35pm	10:05pm
No. 25, Mixed, Leaves Seymour at	2:25 p. m.	arrives at Westport at	4:10 p. m.
South Bound.			
	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5
Lv Terre Haute	6:00am	11:15am	5:35pm
Lv Jasonville	6:51am	12:08pm	6:27pm
Lv Linton	7:13am	12:30pm	6:51pm
Lv Beehunter	7:25am	12:43pm	7:04pm
Lv Elora	7:40am	12:58pm	7:19pm
Lv Odon	7:50am	1:08 pm	7:29pm
Lv Bedford	9:05am	2:20 pm	8:40pm
Ar Seymour	10:15am	3:30pm	9:50pm
No. 28 mixed leaves Westport at	4:40 p. m.	arrives at Seymour at	6:25 p. m.
For time tables and further infor- mation, apply to local agent, or H. P. RADLEY, G. P. & T. A. Grand Opera House, Terre Haute.			

COMBINATION TO AVERT WAR

United States, Brazil and Chile
to Put On Brakes.

TO PREVENT CLASH OF ARMS

The Argentina-Bolivian Situation Has
Reached the Point Where the Good
Offices of Neighboring States and of
Our Own Government May Be Ju-
diciously Interposed to Avert a
Bloody War—South American Dip-
lomats Have Feeling That Storm
Will Blow Over.

Washington, July 22.—The United
States, Brazil and Chile will exert
their moral influence to prevent
any clash of arms between the repub-
lics of Argentina and Bolivia.

Chile and Brazil will remain neutral
in the pending controversy, the for-
mer, it is understood, having indicated
its attitude to this government al-
ready.

War between the two countries
would be very regrettable to the
United States government, which
within proper bounds, would do its
best to prevent it. The United States,
however, will not intervene unless a
request to do so is received from one
or both nations involved. This has
been its consistent policy in such
cases.

That there will be much war talk
growing out of the pending situation
is the expectation of the South Amer-
ican diplomatic colony. That it will
end in war they consider as a remote
possibility. Argentina's action, they
say, is simply an evidence of dissat-
isfaction with the attitude of her
neighbor.

Will Try to Avert War.

Valparaiso, Chile, July 22.—The gen-
eral opinion among government offi-
cials and military and naval officers
here is that Chile will remain neutral
in the event of hostilities between Bol-
ivia and Argentina. There is no truth
in the report that Chile is sending
arms to Bolivia. It is stated that the
Chilean government will use its good
offices to avert war.

Will Fight if Necessary.

Lima, Peru, July 22.—The Peruvian
government has received word of the
breaking off of diplomatic relations
between Bolivia and the Argentine rep-
ublic. Peru does not desire war, but
it is officially asserted she will pro-
tect her territory if attacked.

PROVED FRUITLESS

President's Efforts to Unite Tariff
Conferences Was Unavailing.

Washington, July 22.—The dinner
and conference at which the presi-
dent's closest advisers and the tariff
conferes were brought together
last night in the effort to settle the
differences regarding the tariff bill,
ended at 11:30 o'clock with the dis-
putes over raw materials no nearer
adjustment than they were before the
dinner invitations were issued.

Only one question was determined
beyond appeal, and that was that the
conferes will have to settle their own
differences. Pains were taken, how-
ever, to convey the impression that
this decision is not indicative of any
absence of appreciation of the presi-
dent's efforts. It merely confirmed
what the "elder statesmen" had as-
serted from the first—that tariff mak-
ing is trading, and the shrewdest deal-
er and the strongest section is bound
to get the best of the argument. That
this truism is responsible for the in-
surgent movements in the house and
senate and party revolts in middle
western states does not alter the sit-
uation.

Briefly stated, the representatives
of the house and senate practically
admitted that they were unable to
forecast the outcome. Some of the
conferes said after the dinner that
no conference report would be signed
until both houses had been canvassed
to the probability of its being adopted.
No one can say how much this will
delay adjournment of the tariff ses-
sion.

BANKER HELD UP

Real Estate Man at St. Louis Evident-
ly Needed the Money.

St. Louis, July 22.—M. L. Dawson,
a realty dealer, being refused a loan,
demanded at the point of a revolver
that S. Zelig, president of the Savings
Trust company, give Dawson all the
money that Zelig had in his pockets.
Zelig gave Dawson \$390, and as soon
as Dawson left the bank building Zelig
opened fire with a revolver. Dawson
fired in return, but all bullets went
wild. Dawson surrendered to the po-
lice and Zelig went to the police sta-
tion to appear against him.

An Initiation Wound.

Muskogee, Okla., July 22.—While
being initiated into the Order of Owls
here, W. L. Tull, president of the Mus-
kogee baseball club, was shot in the
hip with a blank cartridge. He was
taken to the city hospital and it is
feared blood poisoning may set in.

Big Clean-up Sale

OF

Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing

NOW GOING ON AT THE

STEINWEDEL CLOTHING STORE

Men's 50c Work and Dress Shirts 37c

Boys' 50c Knee Pants - - 35c

Men's Blue Camlet Pants - - 39c

Men's and Boy's Suits
\$1.90 \$2.90 \$3.90 \$5.00
\$7.50 \$9.50 \$12.00
WORTH DOUBLE

Special Low Prices on Felt Hats

Men's 10c Dress Sox - - - 7c

Handkerchiefs, Red, White, Blue - - 4c

50c Underwear - - - - 39c

\$1.00 Dress Shirts - - - - 69c

Overalls in Blue and Star Pattern 45c

Overalls worth \$1.00 now - - 69c

Straw Hats at Half Price
\$2.00 Hats at \$1.00—\$1.00 Hats
at 50c—50c Hats at 25c
25c Hats at 13c

Men's and Boys' Trousers at About
Half Price

Work Sox - - - - - 4c

25c Underwear - - - - - 18c

Children's Wash Suits at ½ Price

It's a money saving proposition to any clothing buyer. You can't afford
to stay away. We're simply going to convert our stock into money
and make a great sacrifice to do so.

This Sale Now Going On Ends July 24th

Adolph Steinwedel

CLOTHING COMPANY

No. 2 S. Chestnut St. - - SEYMOUR, INDIANA

Bowel Complaint in Children.

When six months old the little
daughter of E. N. Dewey, a well
known merchant of Agnewville, Va.,
had an attack of cholera infantum.
Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and
Diarrhoea Remedy was given and
effected a complete cure. This remedy
has proven very successful in cases of
bowel complaint in children and when
given according to the plain printed
directions can be relied upon with per-
fect confidence. When reduced with
water and sweetened it is pleasant
to take, which is of great importance
when a medicine must be given to
young children. For sale by C. W.
Milhous.

Youthful Incendiary Sentenced.

South Bend, Ind., July 22.—Ray-
mond Carter, the fifteen-year-old fire-
bug, who confessed to the court that
he had burned three barns, was sen-
tenced to the Indiana reformatory.

No Clue to the Thief.

Noblesville, Ind., July 22.—The sta-
tion of the Indiana Union Traction
company in this city was robbed last
night of \$52, and the police have no
clue to the thief.

Thought It Was Candy.

Hammond, Ind., July 22.—Mrs. Sam
Lochin allowed her two-year-old son
to play with her handbag. The child
opened it, found arsenic tablets, ate
some and died.

Help for Those Who Have Stomach Trouble.

After doctoring for about twelve
years for a bad stomach trouble, and
spending nearly five hundred dollars
for medicine and doctors' fees, I pur-
chased my wife one box of Chamber-
lain's Stomach and Liver Tablets,
which did her so much good that she
continued to use them and they have
done her more good than all the
medicine I bought before.—SAMUEL
BOYER, Folsom, Iowa. This medicine
is for sale by C. W. Milhous.
Samples free.

WITNESSES NOT DISCONCERTED

Subdued Sneers and Incredu-
lous Smiles Ineffective.

PROGRESS OF SUTTON CASE

Another Witness, Facing the Incredu-
lous Smiles of the Deceased's Moth-
er and Sister, Testifies That Lieut-
enant Sutton Died From a Self-In-
flicted Revolver Shot—The Punch-
ing Sutton Had Previously Received
Not Sufficient to Cause Death, Wit-
ness Testifies.

Annapolis, Md., July 22.—Only four
witnesses out of the fifteen so far sub-
poenaed by the government have been
examined in the naval board inquiry
which is investigating the death of
Lieutenant James N. Sutton of Port-
land, Ore.

H. W. Vandyke of Washington,
counsel for Sutton's mother, said after
court, that outside of Mrs. Rose Sut-
ton Parker, sister of Lieutenant Sut-
ton, there would probably be no wit-
nesses beyond those on the govern-
ment list, which includes a number
of witnesses subpoenaed at the re-
quest of the Suttons.

Henry E. Davis, chief counsel for
the Suttons, had not much more than
started his cross-examination of Lieut-
enant Edward S. Willing, now at-
tached to the marine barracks at the
navy yard in Philadelphia, when the
hearing was adjourned for the day. In
a few minor points, referring prin-
cipally to the description of the im-
mediate scene of the tragedy, Mr. Davis
succeeded in showing discrepancies in
Lieutenant Willing's testimony at this

and the former inquiry. In essential
particulars, Lieutenant Willing's story
differed little from that of his brother
officers. Willing, who was officer of
the day at the marine camp, and was
routed out by Lieutenants Utley and
Bevan when Sutton was running wild
in camp with two revolvers prior to
the tragedy, as former witnesses had
testified, was the first man to say that
he reached the scene of the tragedy in
time to see Adams punching Sutton.
Lieutenant Bevan, who ran down to
the place where they had all heard
the first shots, almost at the same
time as Lieutenant Willing, testified
that he saw no blows exchanged. As
Lieutenant Willing on cross-examina-
tion described Sutton, either standing
or on his knees, with Adams holding
him by the back of the neck with one
hand and punching him with the
other, it was too much for Mrs. Par-
ker, who sat directly opposite the wit-
ness. She smiled incredulously at
Willing and, turning to Mr. Vandyke,
one of her counsel, said indignantly:
"Imagine a wild man, as they describe
my brother to have been, standing up
with a revolver in each hand and tak-
ing a punching like that. It is wholly
incredible."

If subdued sneers and incredulous
smiles would have disconcerted the
witnesses, they would have been hope-
lessly squelched by those frequently
directed at them by Mrs. Parker and
Mrs. Sutton.

The judge advocate asked the wit-
ness if he thought the punching Sutton
got would have killed him or if
the witness had any way of knowing
whether Sutton was dead before the
last shot was fired. It was known that
Mrs. Sutton impressed upon Major
Leonard her belief that her son was
beaten to death and afterward shot.
The witness answered these questions
in the negative and said there was no
doubt in his mind that Sutton pulled
the trigger of the revolver when he
was shot. Lieutenant Bevan created
a stir in court when he testified that
six weeks prior to the shooting Sutton
had told him that life in the marine
corps had no attraction for him and
that some day he would shoot himself.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy the Best and Surest.

"It affords me pleasure to state that
I consider the preparation known as
Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and
Diarrhoea Remedy the best and surest
of good results of any I have ever
used in my family," says P. E. Herr-
ington, of M. Aerial, Ky. This is the
universal verdict of all who use this
remedy. Its cures are so prompt and
effective that people take pleasure in
recommending it. For sale by C. W.
Milhous.

Trip Delayed Five Days.

Honolulu, July 22.—The Pacific
steamship Korea, bound from the Ori-
ent to San Francisco, will sail from
this port today, five days behind her
scheduled time. The delay is due to
the fact that the vessel has been in
quarantine here on account of the dis-
covery of a case of plague on board.

Proper Treatment for Dysentery and Diarrhoea.

The greatest mortality from dysen-
tery and diarrhoea is due to the lack
of proper treatment at the first stages
of the disease. Chamberlain's Colic,
Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is a
reliable and effective medicine, and
when given in reasonable time will
prevent any dangerous consequences.
It has been in use for many years and
has always met with unvarying suc-
cess. For sale by C. W. Milhous.

Tried to Change Seats in Boat.

Hammond, Ind., July 22.—In view of
hundreds of persons at Cedar Lake,
Peter Widera of Chicago was drowned.
He was in a boat with three others,
and while they were changing seats he
was thrown into the water.

Twenty-Five Cents Is the Price of Peace.

The terrible itching and smarting,
incident to certain skin diseases, is
almost instantly allayed by applying
Chamberlain's Salve. Price, 25 cents.
For Sale by C. W. Milhous.